



EVENT
VISION

AZRAEL FIGHT



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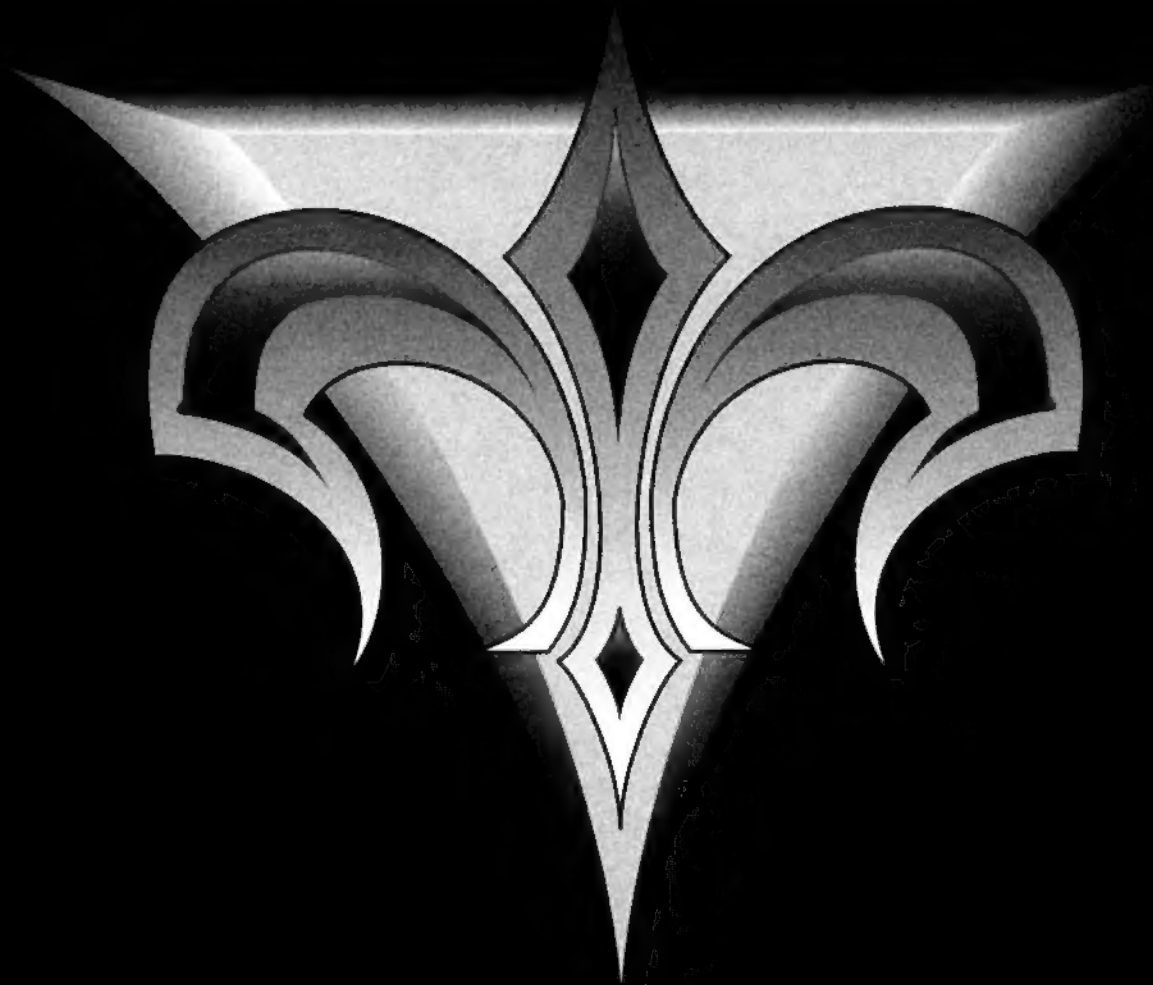
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LETTERERS

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY JOE QUESADA AND JIMMY PALMIOTTI



AZRAEL/ASH

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PUBLICATION DESIGN BY EDDIE ORTIZ



CAN YOU SEE
THEM, MOTHER?

CAN YOU SEE THEM
DANCING UP INTO
THE DARKNESS,
THE FLAMES?

ARE YOU WATCHING
THEM SPIN AND WRITHE
AND CURL AND DO YOU
KNOW THEY BECKON
TO YOU?



CALL YOU WITH
SILENT VOICES?

PLEAD WITH YOU
TO COME, TO
COME, TO COME...





LATE AGAIN!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE MOTHER OF ALL FOUR-ALARMERS IS WHAT'S HAPPENING -- LIKE YOU CAN'T SEE.

MAN, WE HIT THIS WITH EVERYTHING WE GOT AND -- ZILCH! NEVER SEEN ANYTHING BURN SO HOT!

WHAT IS IT, SOME KIND OF CHEMICAL FIRE?

NO. ACCORDING TO OUR INFO, THERE'S NOTHING BUT PLAIN OLD WOOD AND BRICK.



ANYBODY INSIDE?

NO, THANK HEAVEN --

NOT TRUE!

ME AND A COUPLE'A GUYS SEEN SOMEBODY ON THE SECOND FLOOR... LOOKED LIKE A GUY WITH SWORDS...



... LOOKED LIKE HE WAS DANCING, FOR PITY SAKE!



OKAY, THANKS FOR THE BRIEFING, I BETTER GO TO WORK.



CATCH YOU LATER.

NO MISTAKES, QUINN.



HE IS TWO BEINGS.

ASHLEY QUINN,
FIREMAN, AND --



-- AN ALIEN
PRESENCE WHO
SHARES QUINN'S
BODY.

AND HIS SOUL?
QUINN DOESN'T
KNOW.



SOMETIMES HE -- THEY
CAN CONTROL FIRE, CAN
SUCK IT INTO HIMSELF --
THEMSELVES -- OR
CHANGE ITS SHAPE OR
SIMPLY QUELL IT.



BUT NOT
NOW.

THIS FIRE SEEMS TO
HAVE A MIND OF ITS
OWN. IT RESISTS
ASH'S EFFORTS --

-- JUST AS IT RESISTS
THE THOUSANDS OF
GALLONS OF WATER
BEING HOSED INTO IT.



THEN, HE BEGINS TO
TRANSFORM. IT IS AS
THOUGH HE PUTS ON
ANOTHER SELF LIKE A
SUIT OF CLOTHING --



-- AND
BECOMES...
MORE!

MUCH
MORE.

IN WAYS HE CANNOT
POSSIBLY COMPREHEND,
HE BEGINS TO ABSORB
ENERGY FROM THE
INFERNO AROUND HIM --

-- ENERGY THAT FILLS HIM,
SATURATES THE VERY CELLS
OF HIS BODY -- AND SENDS
WAVES OF PLEASURE RIPPLING
THROUGH HIM: AN OVER-
WHELMINGLY SENSUOUS
EXPERIENCE BUT, HE REALIZES,
A DANGEROUS ONE...

... BECAUSE IF
HE DOESN'T ...

... DON'T KNOW WHAT
COULD HAPPEN...
EXPLOSION...
TAKE OUT
HALF THE CITY
MAY-
BE...

... GOT TO
GET...
OUT...



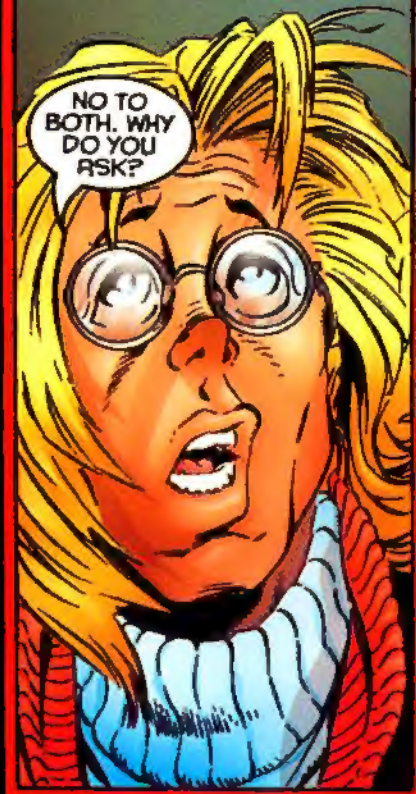


JEAN PAUL VALLEY.

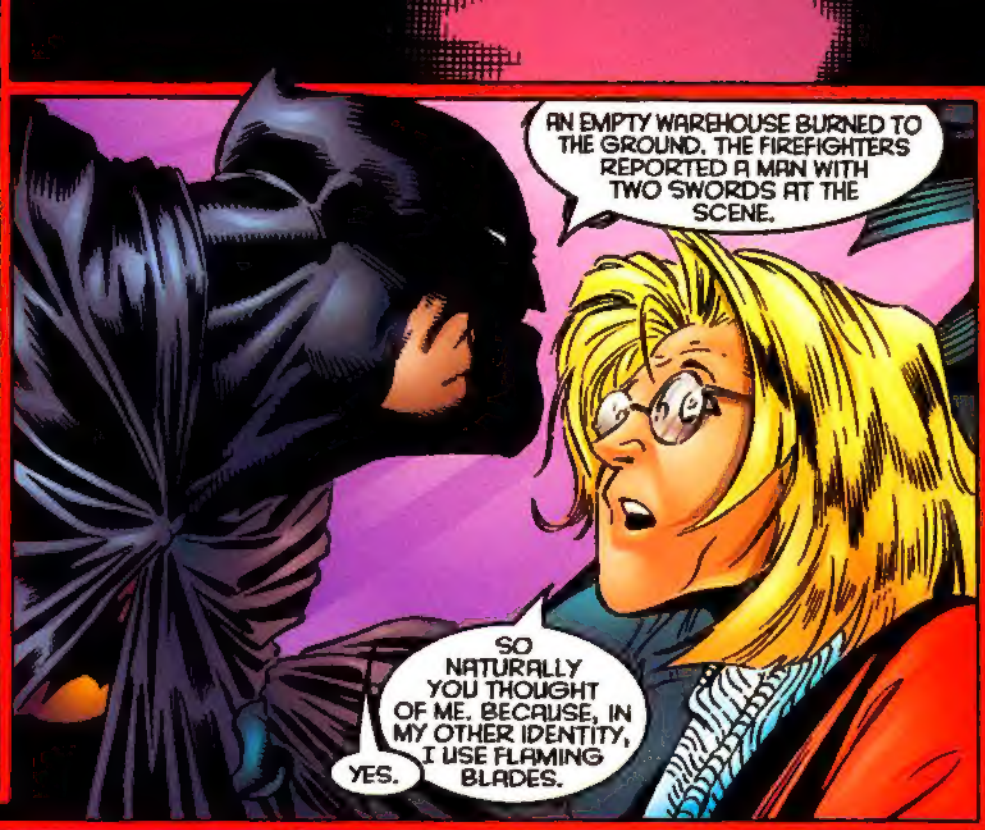
YOU KNOW THAT'S MY NAME.

TWO QUESTIONS. WERE YOU IN NEW YORK LAST NIGHT?

AND DID YOU SET A FIRE THERE?

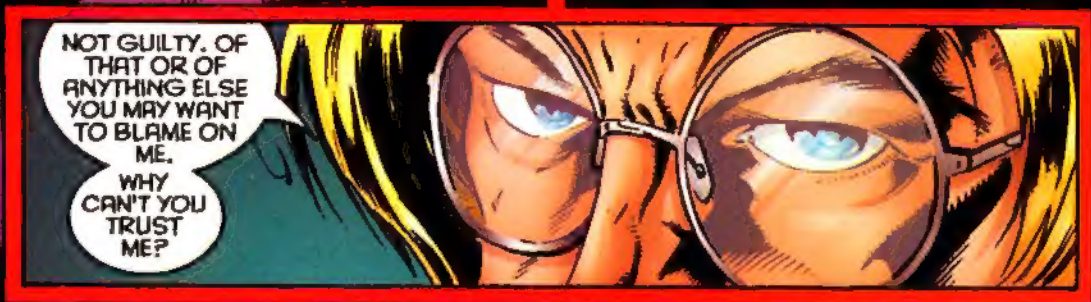


NO TO BOTH. WHY DO YOU ASK?



AN EMPTY WAREHOUSE BURNED TO THE GROUND. THE FIREFIGHTERS REPORTED A MAN WITH TWO SWORDS AT THE SCENE.

SO NATURALLY YOU THOUGHT OF ME. BECAUSE, IN MY OTHER IDENTITY, I USE FLAMING BLADES.
YES.



NOT GUILTY. OF THAT OR OF ANYTHING ELSE YOU MAY WANT TO BLAME ON ME.
WHY CAN'T YOU TRUST ME?



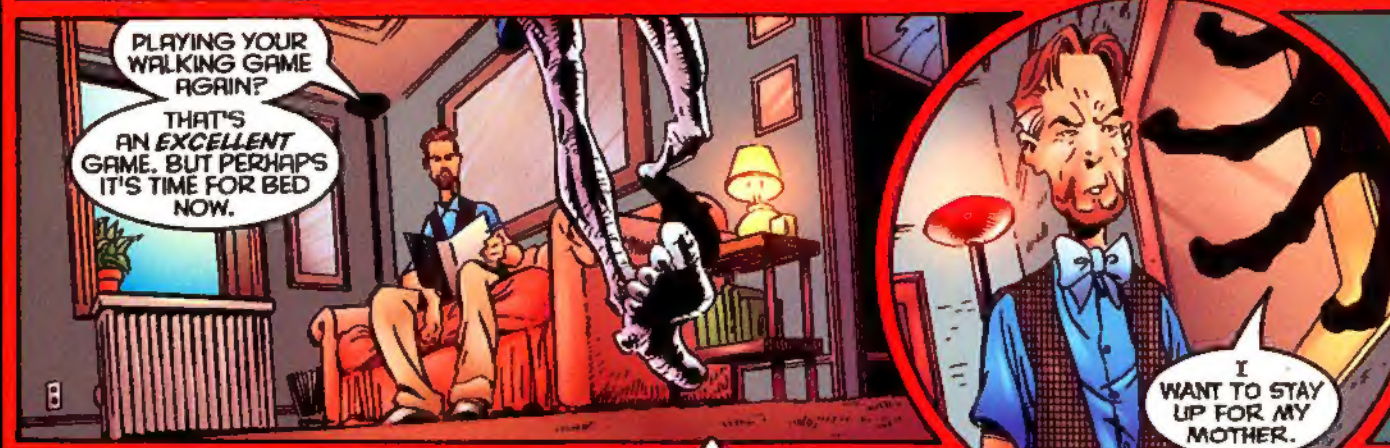
I DID ONCE. YOU BETRAYED THE TRUST. YOU TOOK LIFE.

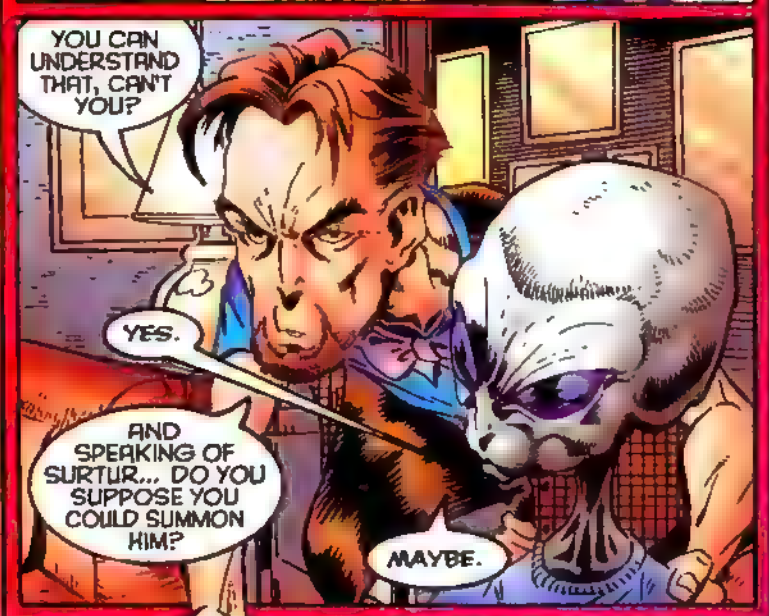
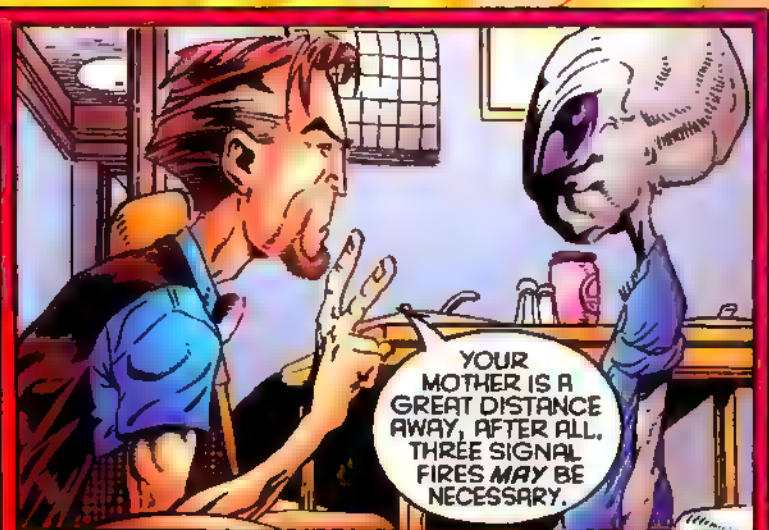
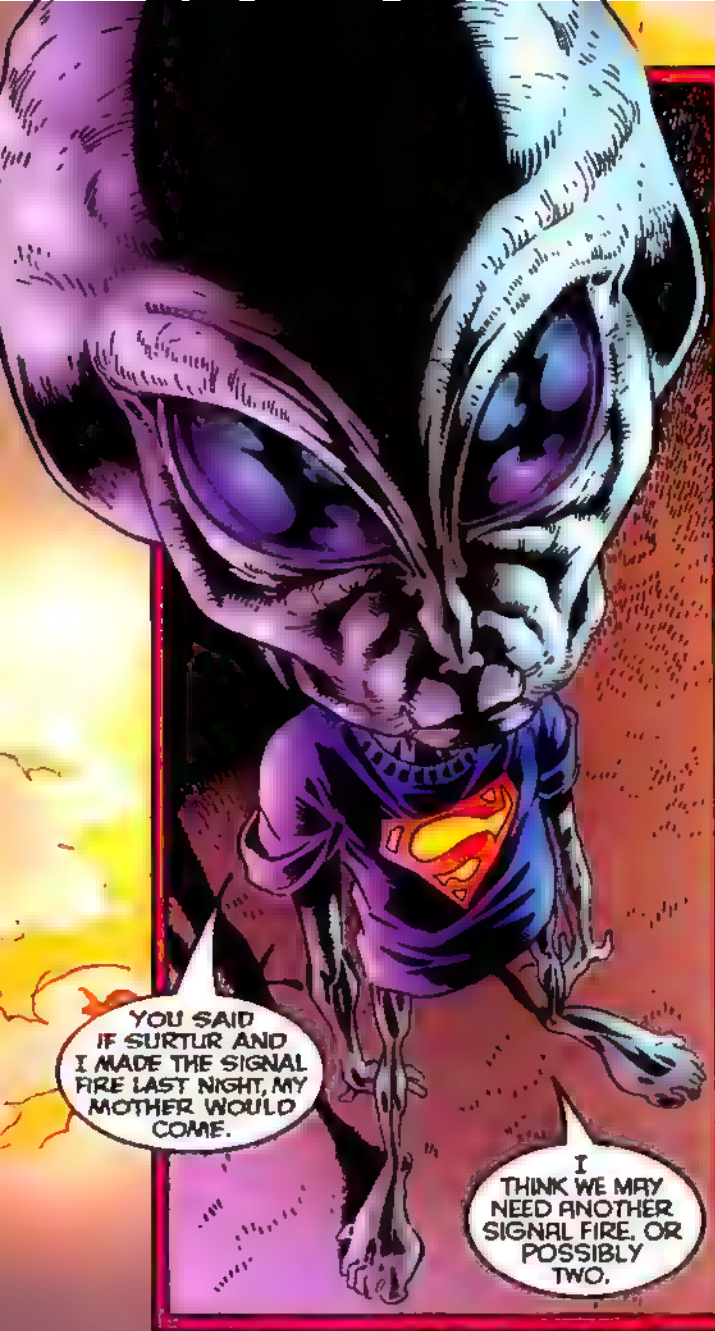
THERE'S NO STATUE OF LIMITATIONS ON THAT. NOT WITH ME.

THEN WHAT'S THE POINT IN TALKING?

IF YOU ARE INNOCENT, YOU MAY WANT TO CLEAR YOURSELF.

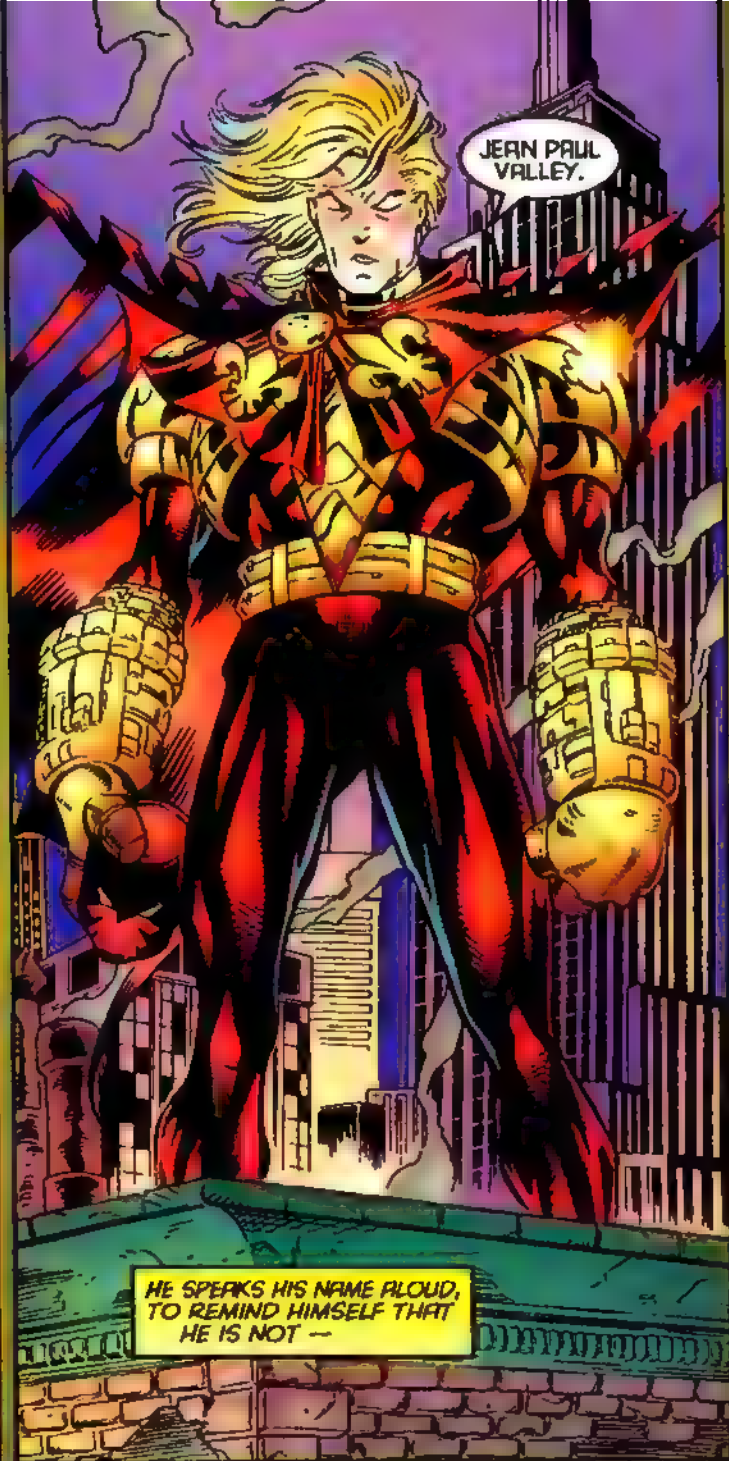
ON YOUR PERSONAL COMPUTER, YOU'LL FIND A COMPLETE FILE ON ARSONISTS IN NEW YORK CITY.





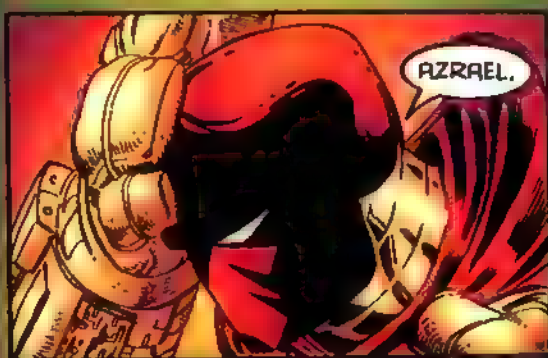


— ENOUGH,
I SAY!



JEAN PAUL
VALLEY.

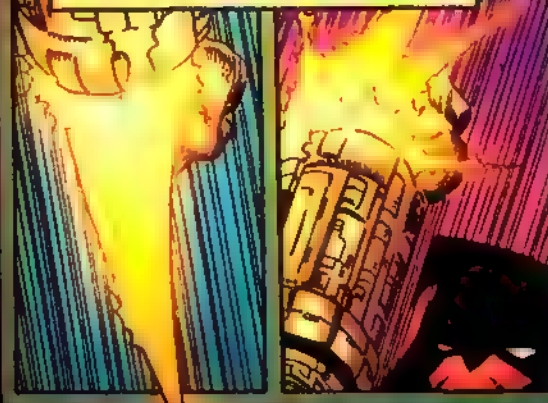
HE SPEAKS HIS NAME ALOUD,
TO REMIND HIMSELF THAT
HE IS NOT —



AZRAEL.

BUT HE HATES IT, FOR
EVEN AS IT CONFERS
SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES
ON HIM, IT ROBS HIM
OF WHO HE IS.

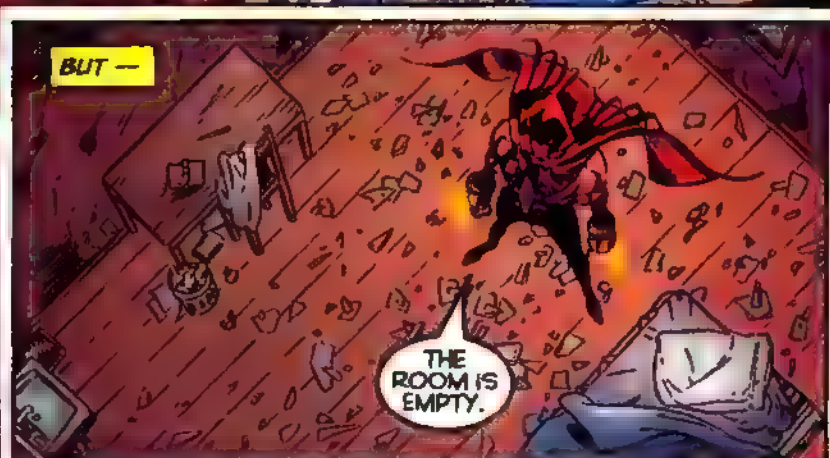
THE COSTUME IS NECESSARY. IT
TRIGGERS PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL
CHANGES IN HIS MUSCLES, HIS LIMBIC
SYSTEM, HIS CORTICAL CENTERS.



IS IT JEAN PAUL VALLEY
OR AZRAEL WHO THINKS?
ACCORDING TO THE
MASKED MAN —



— FIREFLY IS
HIDING IN HERE!

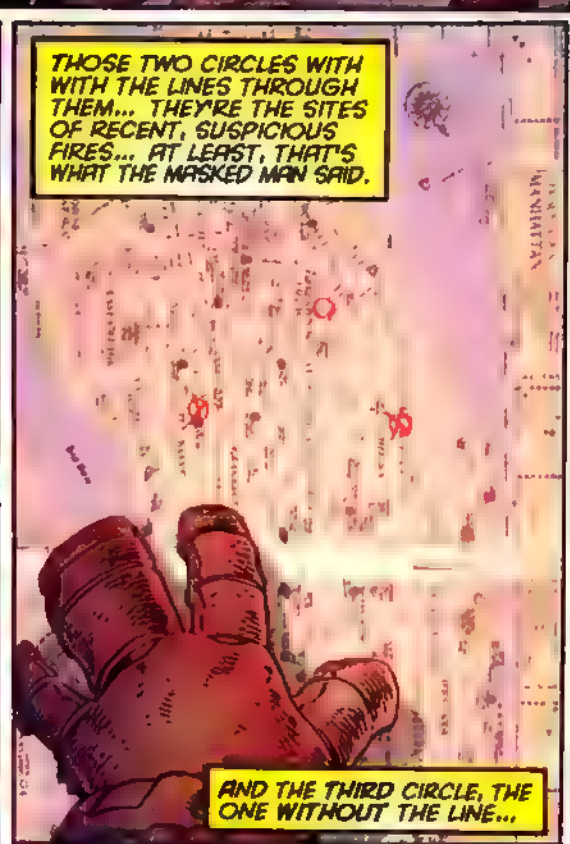


BUT —

THE
ROOM IS
EMPTY.

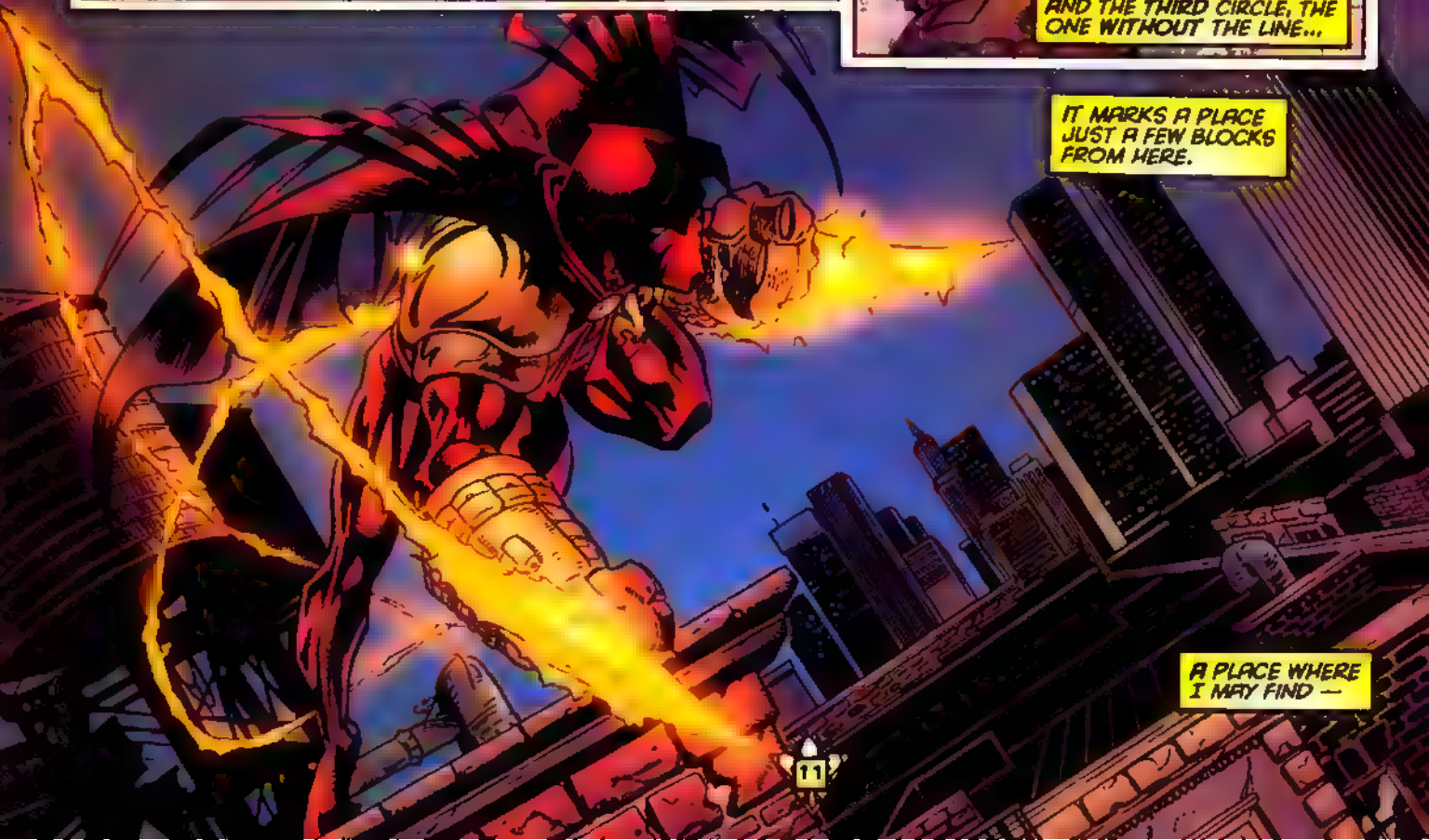


— A MAP OF NEW
YORK CITY.



THOSE TWO CIRCLES WITH
THE LINES THROUGH
THEM... THEY'RE THE SITES
OF RECENT, SUSPICIOUS
FIRES... AT LEAST, THAT'S
WHAT THE MASKED MAN SAID.

AND THE THIRD CIRCLE, THE
ONE WITHOUT THE LINE...



IT MARKS A PLACE
JUST A FEW BLOCKS
FROM HERE.

A PLACE WHERE
I MAY FIND —

-- FIREFLY!

UNPACK THE MARSHMALLOWS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BECAUSE WE'RE ABOUT TO HAVE A **SPLENDID** BONFIRE.

KNOW THAT YOU ARE IGNORANT!

AIZRAEL SPEAKING. JEAN PAUL... IS NOT EXACTLY PRESENT.

KNOW THAT YOU ARE EVIL!

EH?

SURTUR? FIRE DEITY? MY VERY FAVORITE NORSE GOD?

NO, OF COURSE YOU'RE NOT HIM.
BUT WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE IS BARBECUE!



C'MERE,
HUSBAND, YOU OL'
GROWBARI!

WHAT IS
IT, SWEETIE-
PIE?

STOP
YER YAMMERIN'
AND LOOK OUT
THE WINDOW.

ANYTHING
YOU SAY, LIGHT
OF MY LIFE.

I
SWEAR THE
NEIGHBORHOOD'S
GOING TO THE
DOGS.

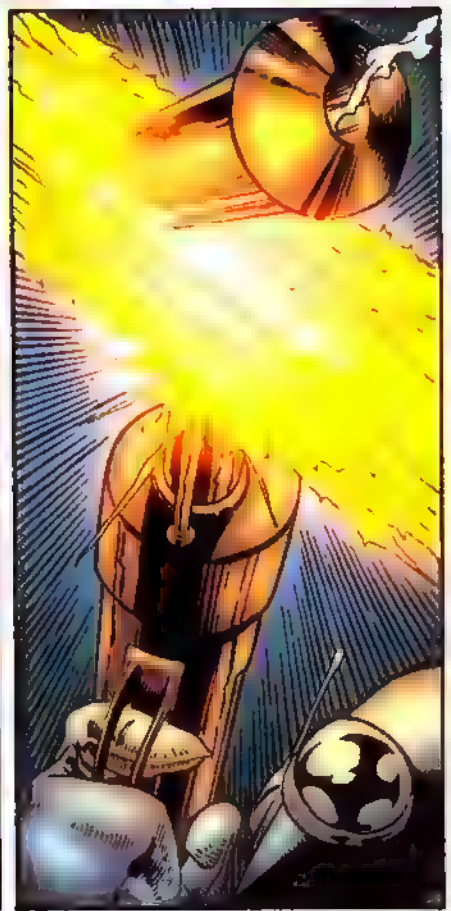
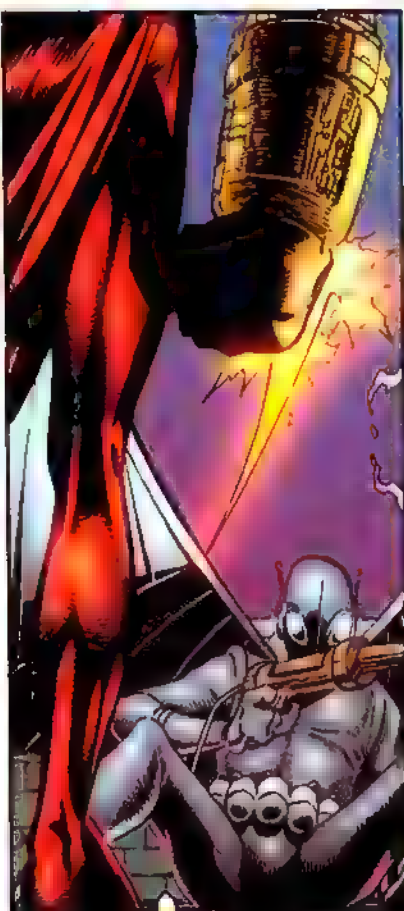
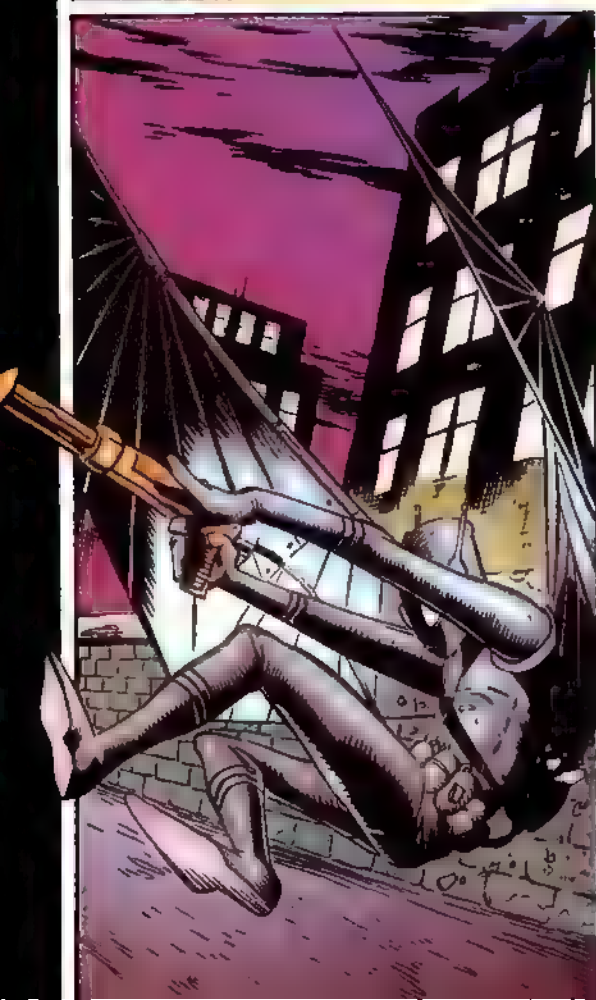
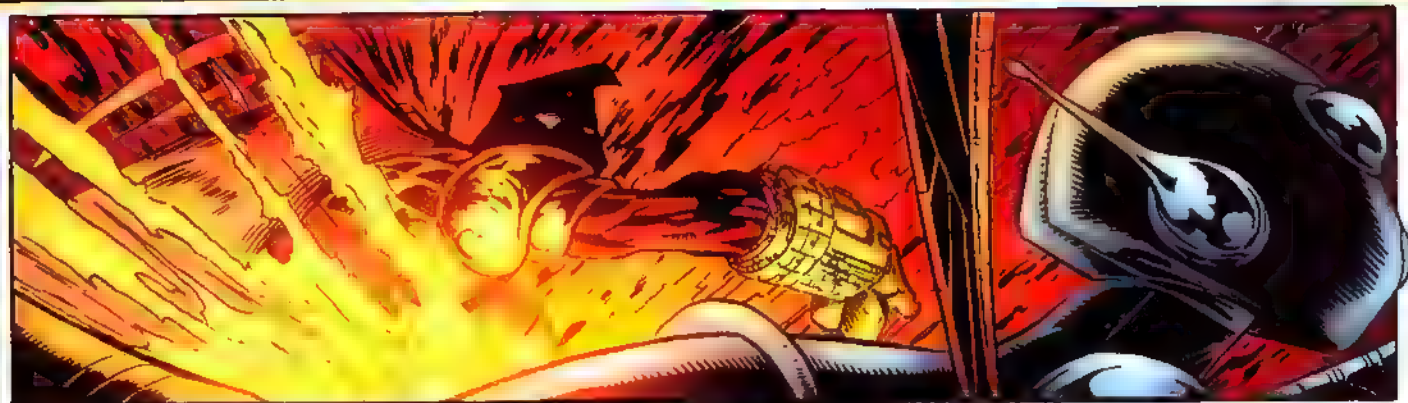
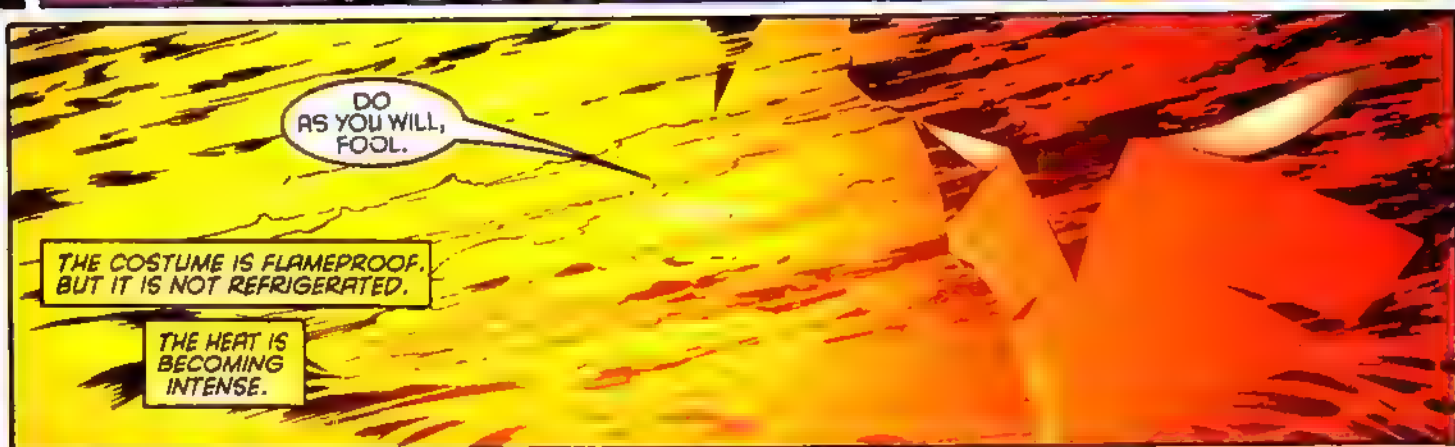
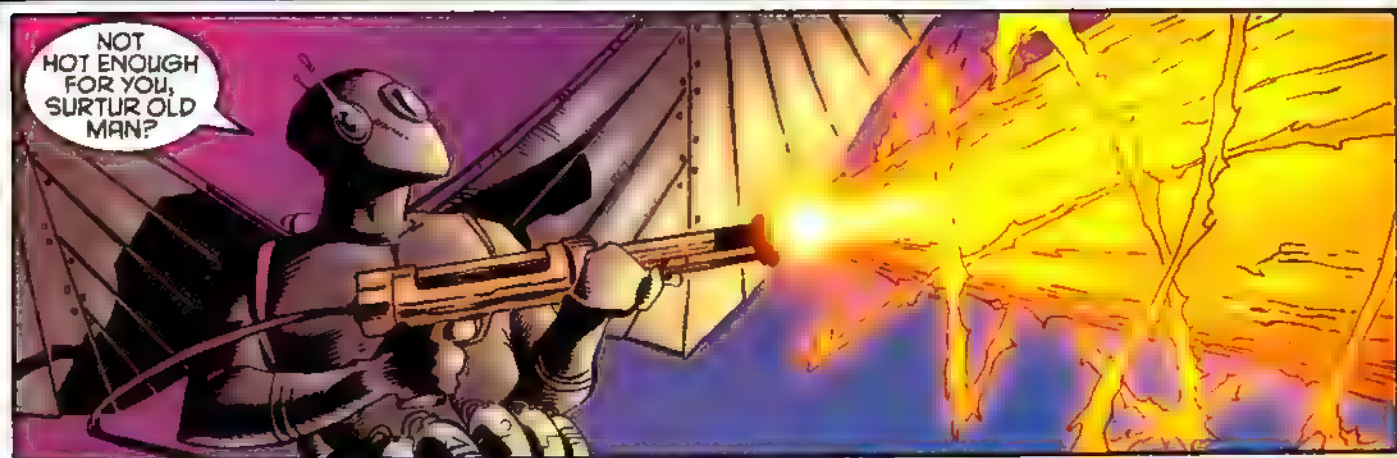
JUST
BECAUSE A
FELLA'S GOT A
REAL **BIG**
LIGHTER?

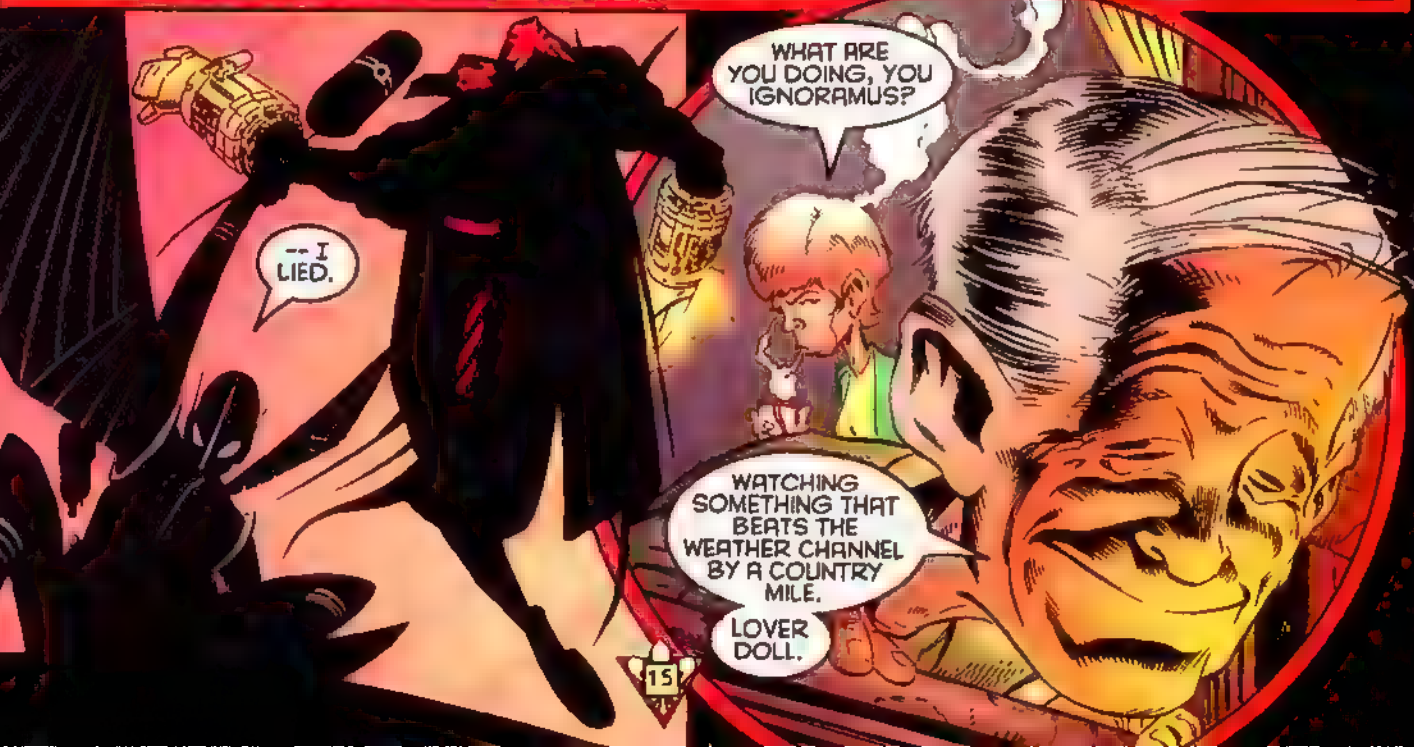
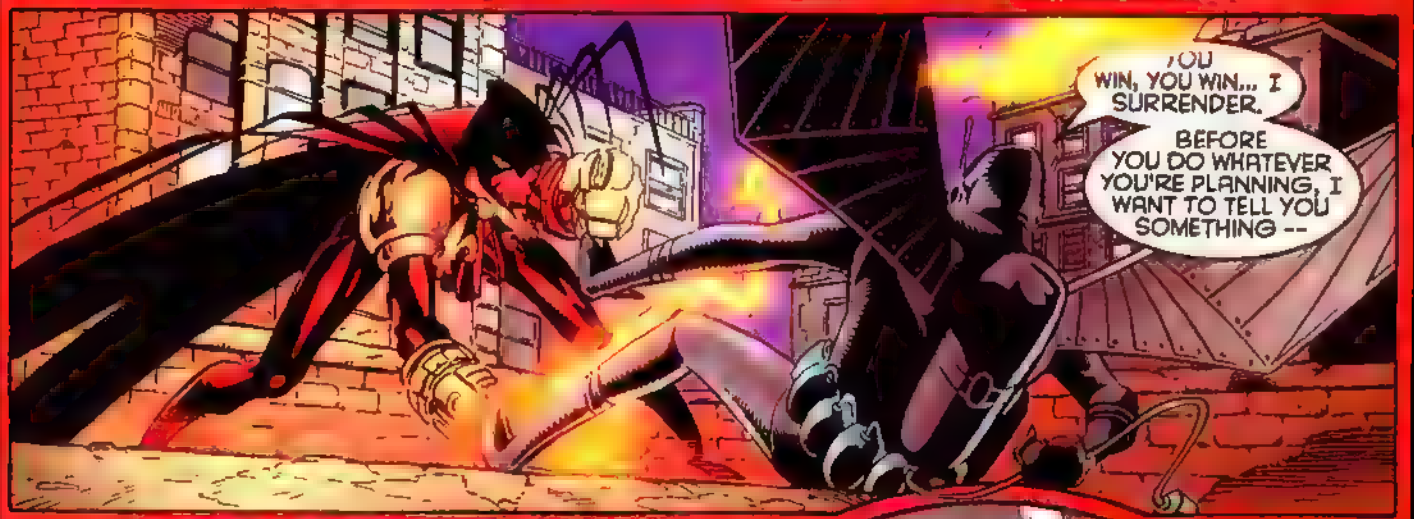
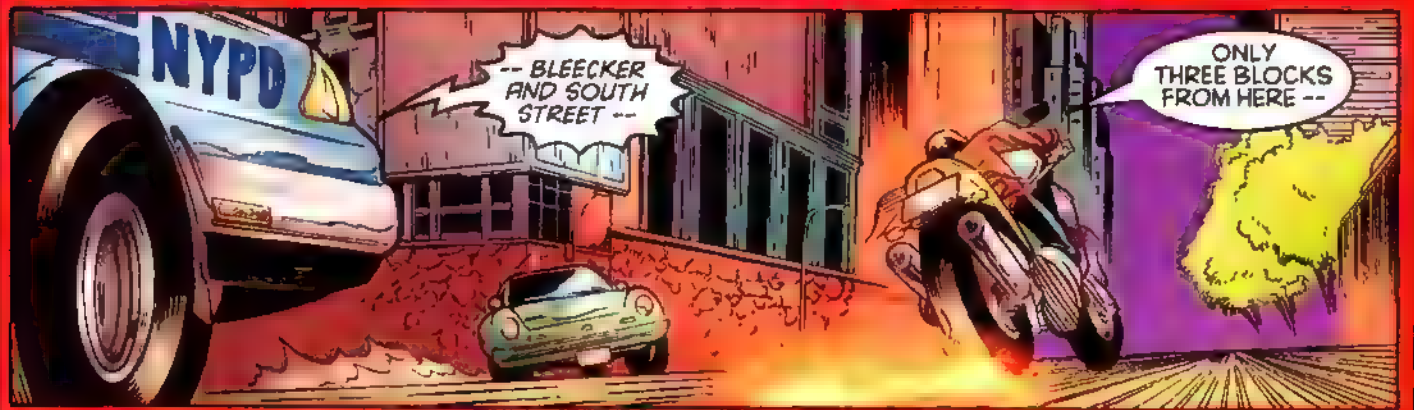
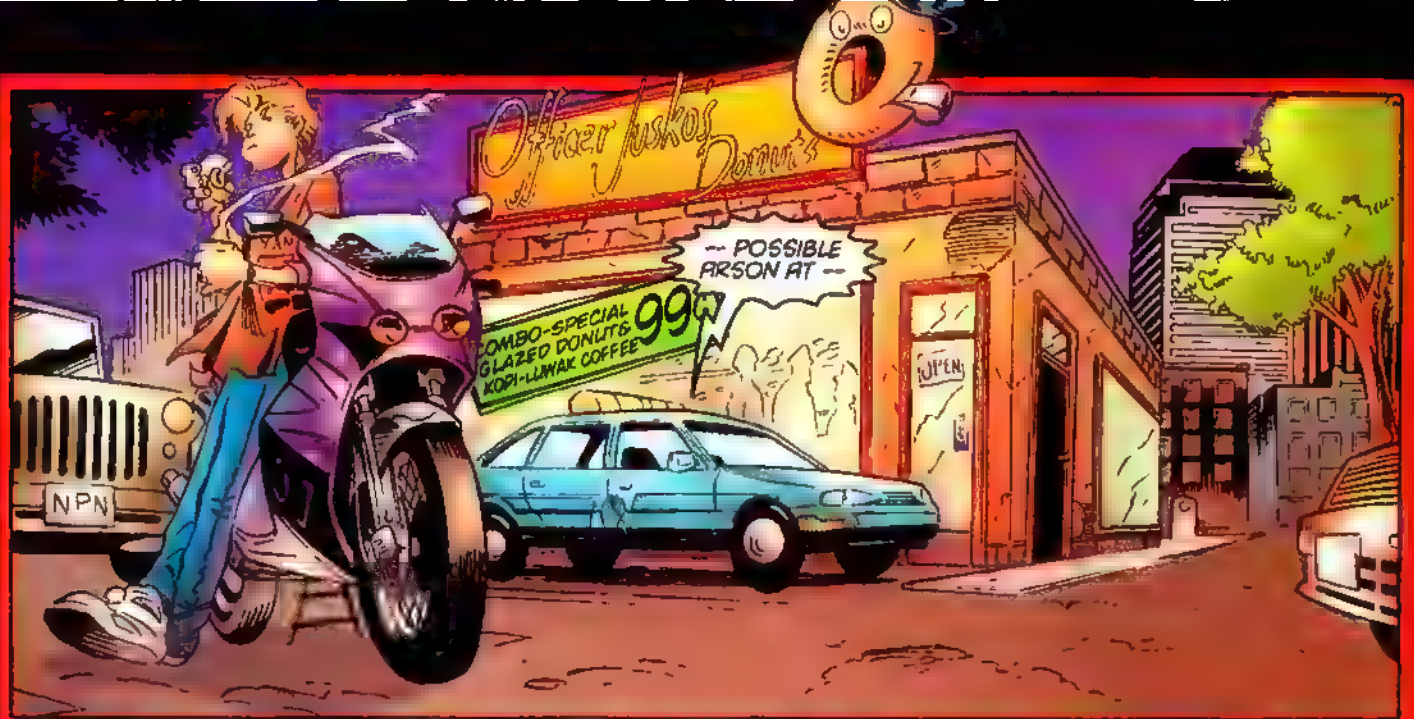
ANGEL HONEY
DARLING.

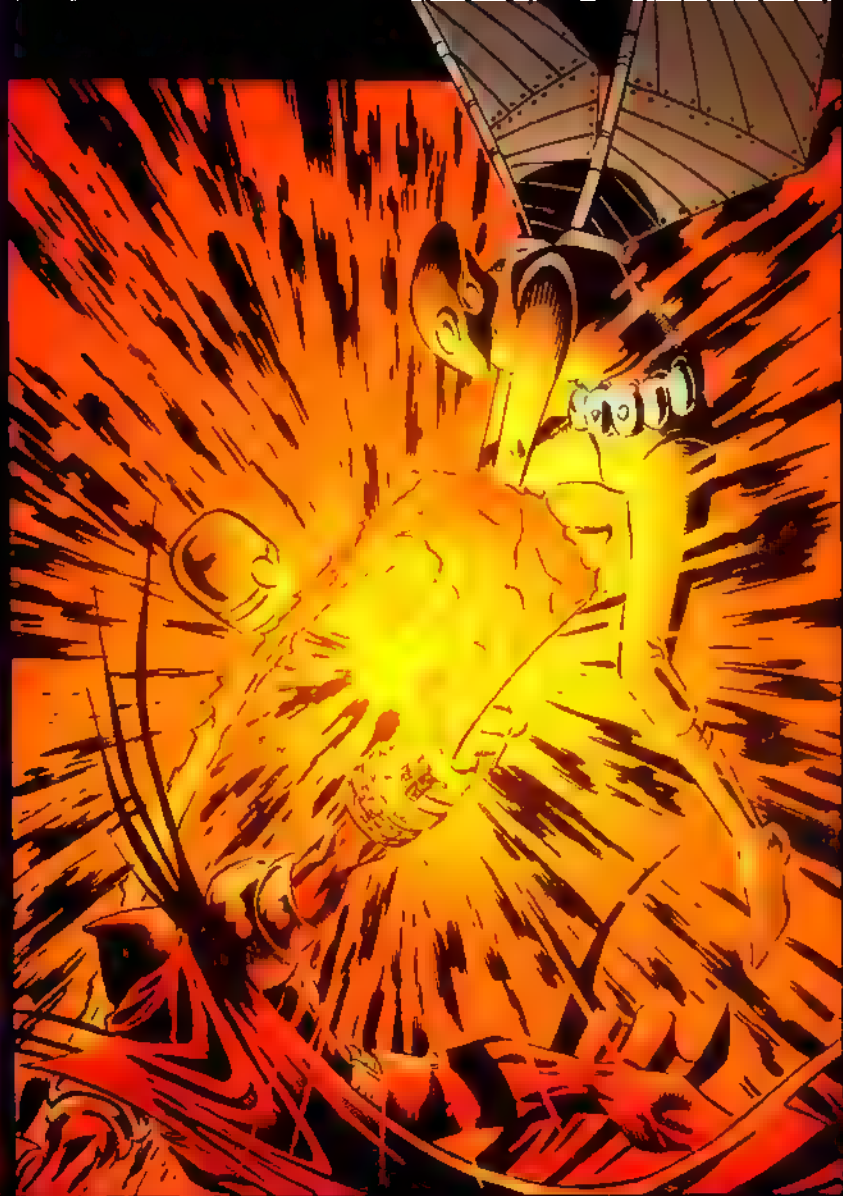
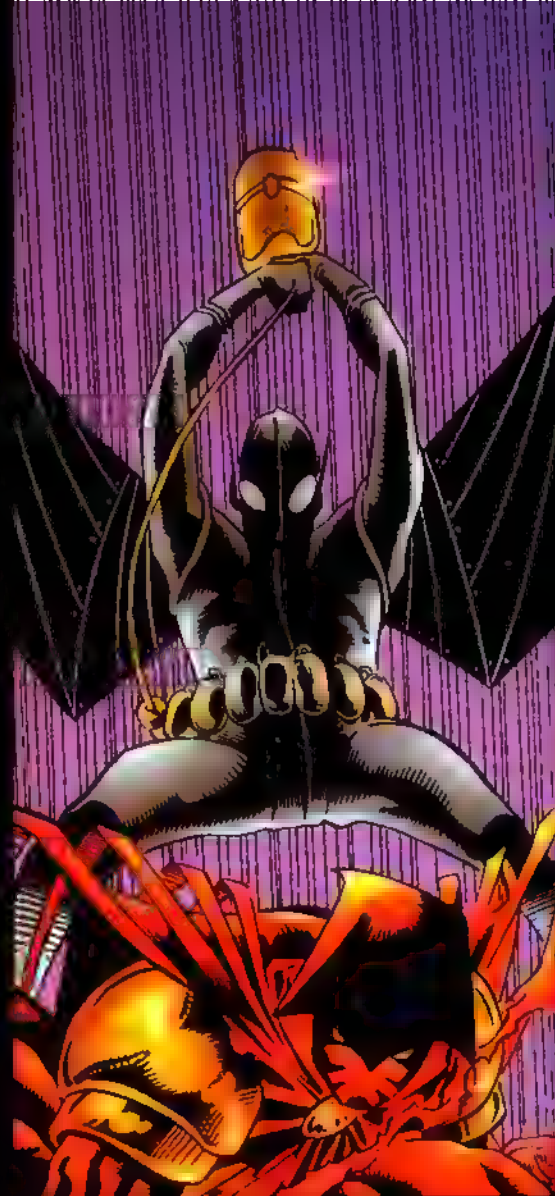


DON'T JUST
STAND THERE, YOU OL'
PUKE -- CALL THE FIRE
DEPARTMENT!

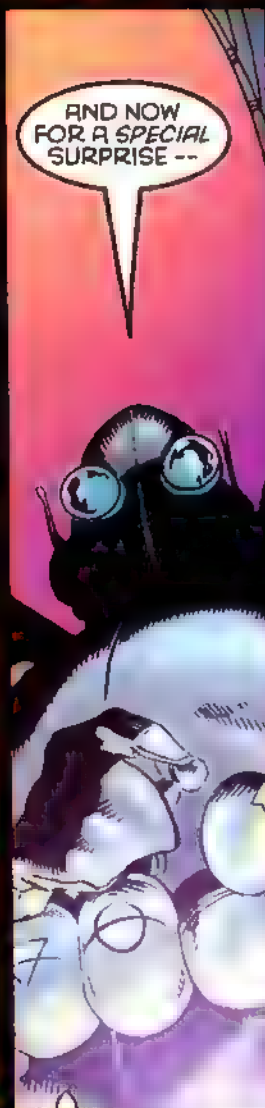
MY
FINGER'S ON THE DIAL,
SHINING PILLAR OF
LOVABILITY.







DOING
MY WORK FOR
ME!
REMINDE ME
TO PUT YOU ON MY
CHRISTMAS CARD
LIST.

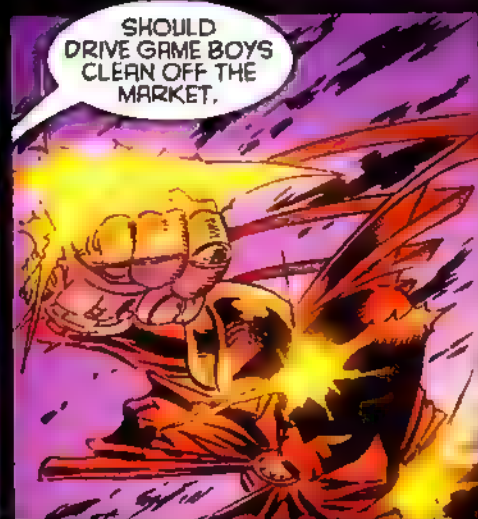


AND NOW
FOR A SPECIAL
SURPRISE --



-- LITTLE WONDERS OF MY
OWN INVENTION I LIKE TO
CALL INCENDIARY
CAPSULES.

I
PLAN TO
SELL THEM AS
CHRISTMAS
GIFTS.



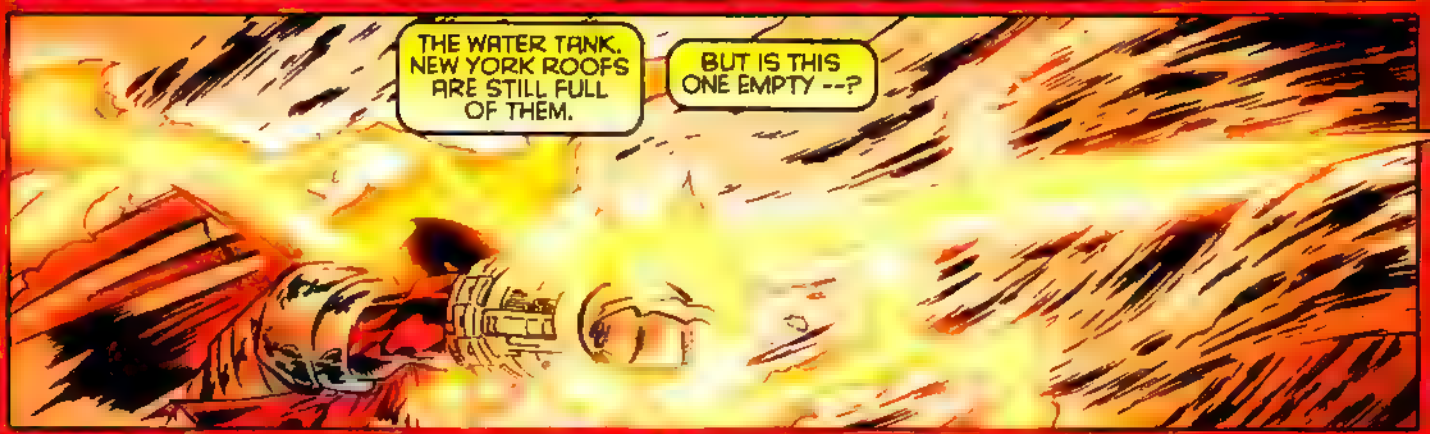
SHOULD
DRIVE GAME BOYS
CLEAN OFF THE
MARKET.



THE OUTFIT IS DESIGNED
TO RESIST ORDINARY FIRE.

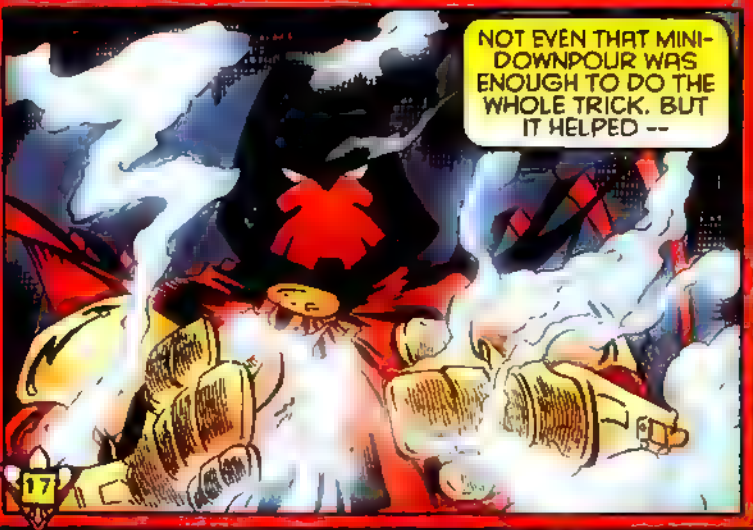
BUT THIS IS SOME
CHEMICAL HORROR.

I'LL BE
ROASTED
ALIVE.

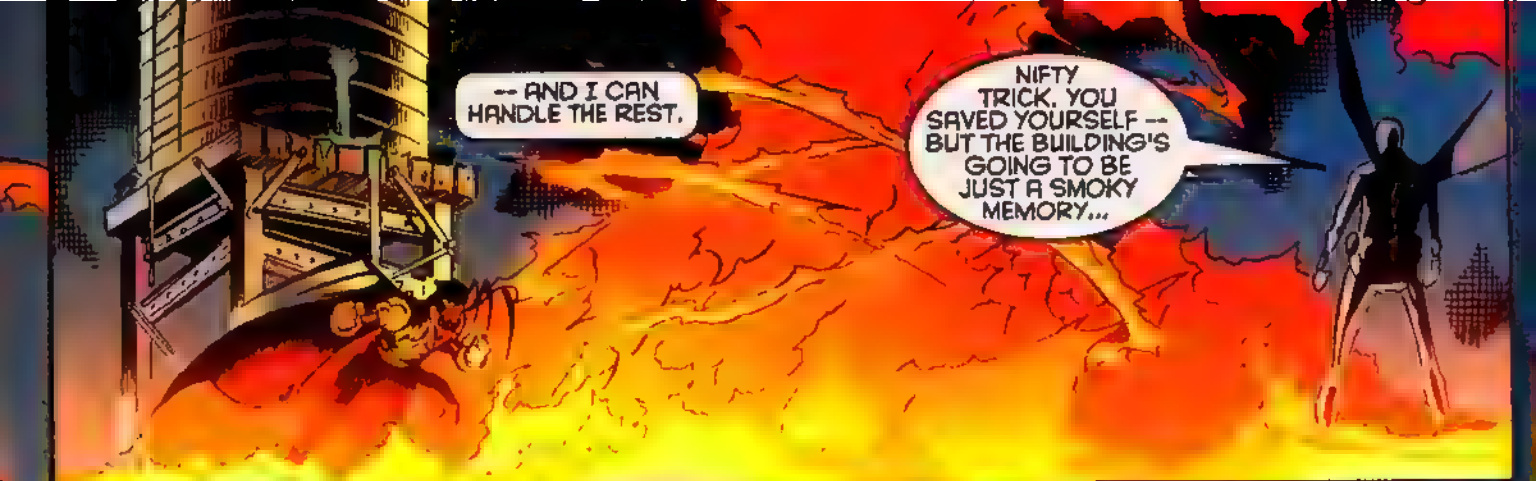


THE WATER TANK.
NEW YORK ROOFS
ARE STILL FULL
OF THEM.

BUT IS THIS
ONE EMPTY ---?



NOT EVEN THAT MINI-
DOWNGOUR WAS
ENOUGH TO DO THE
WHOLE TRICK. BUT
IT HELPED --



-- AND I CAN
HANDLE THE REST.

NIFTY
TRICK. YOU
SAVED YOURSELF --
BUT THE BUILDING'S
GOING TO BE
JUST A SMOKY
MEMORY...

NO!

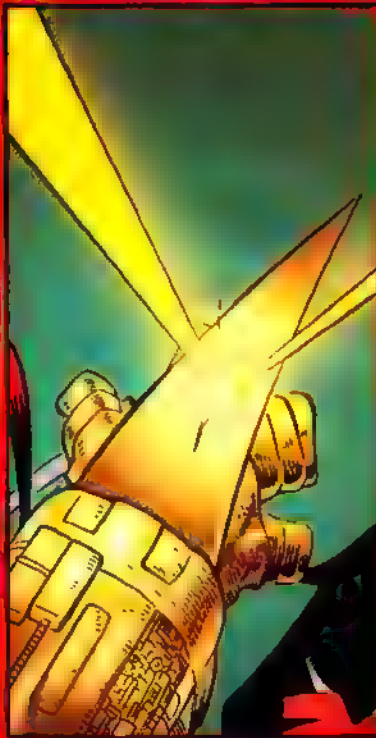
I DON'T KNOW WHICH
OF YOU LOSERS IS
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS...
MAYBE
BOTH OF
YOU.

SO STAY PUT
WHILE
I --

DO MY
THING!

WHAT THE
HELL'S --

-- GOIN' ON
UP HERE?

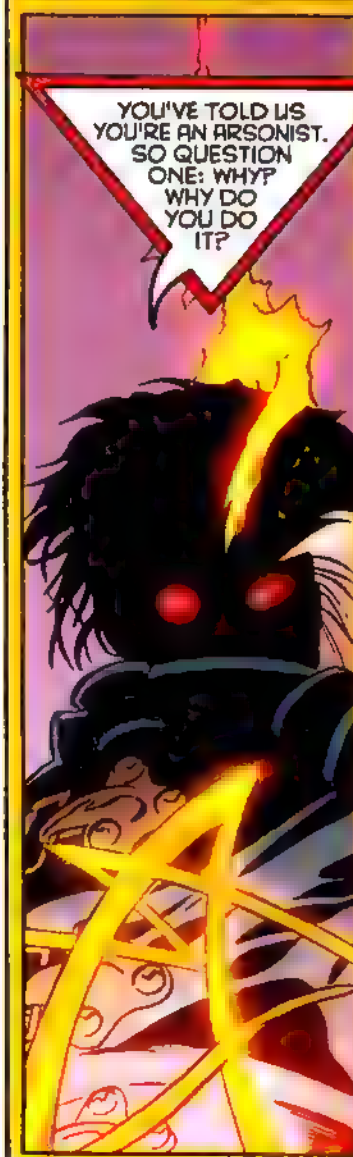




DON'T LEAVE SO SOON. THE PARTY'S JUST GETTING STARTED



-- AND WE HAVEN'T PLAYED TWENTY QUESTIONS YET.



YOU'VE TOLD US YOU'RE AN ARSONIST. SO QUESTION ONE: WHY? WHY DO YOU DO IT?



I GET PAID TO DO IT AND... WELL, I GET A THRILL OUT OF FIRES.



LISTEN TO ME.

I'VE SEEN WHAT FIRE DOES TO HUMAN BEINGS. I'VE FELT IT.

I'VE HEARD THE SCREAMS OF BURNING CHILDREN AND DUG UP THE CHARRED CORPSES AND GAGGED ON THE STINK OF BURNING FLESH.

I'VE ALWAYS GOTTEN A KICK OUT OF THESE THINGS.

KBOOT

... SO YOU'RE CALLED
AZRAEL AND YOU'RE
HERE TO CLEAR
YOUR NAME.
WHO'S AFTER
YOU? COPS?
FEDS?

SOMEBODY
HEAVIER THAT
THAT. WAY
HEAVIER.

WHO
E YOU?

THE ANSWER TO THAT WOULD
BE A HELL OF A LOT MORE
COMPLICATED THAN
PROGRAMMING MY
VCR. FACT IS, I'M
NOT SURE I CAN
ANSWER.

LOOKING
LIKE THIS,
I DON'T
KNOW
--

-- LIKE THIS, I'M
QUINN. ASHLEY
QUINN. MY BUDS
CALL ME
ASH.

THINK
SO? YOU
OUGHTTA SEE
MY CARD
TRICKS.

LOOK,
YOU COULD DO
ME A FAVOR AND
RECIPROCATATE -- GET
OUTTA THE FANCY SUIT.
I FEEL LIKE I'M AT
A HALLOWEEN
PARTY.

ALL
RIGHT.
GIVE ME A
MINUTE.

THAT WAS...
IMPRESSIVE.





I'M QUINN FROM --

YEAH, I RECKANIZE YA.

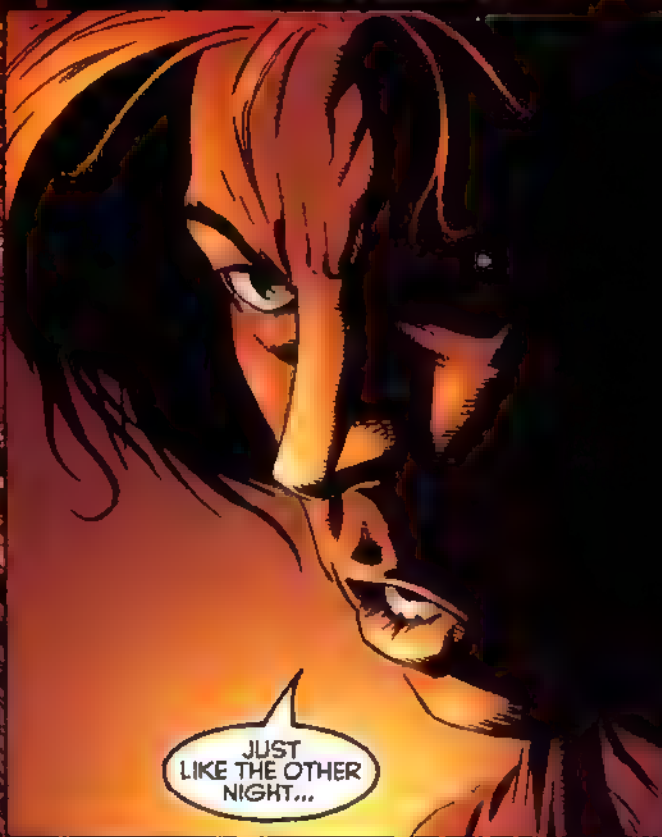
WHAT'S GOING ON?



IF YOU THINK REAL HARD, YOU CAN PROBABLY GUESS.

BAD ONE, HUH?

THE WORST, RESISTIN' EVERYTHING WE THROW AT IT.



JUST LIKE THE OTHER NIGHT...



THE SCREWY PART IS, THIS TIME WE WAS WARNED --



-- WARNED THAT THE BUILDING WOULD BE BURNED DESPITE ANY PRECAUTIONS THE POLICE MIGHT TAKE.



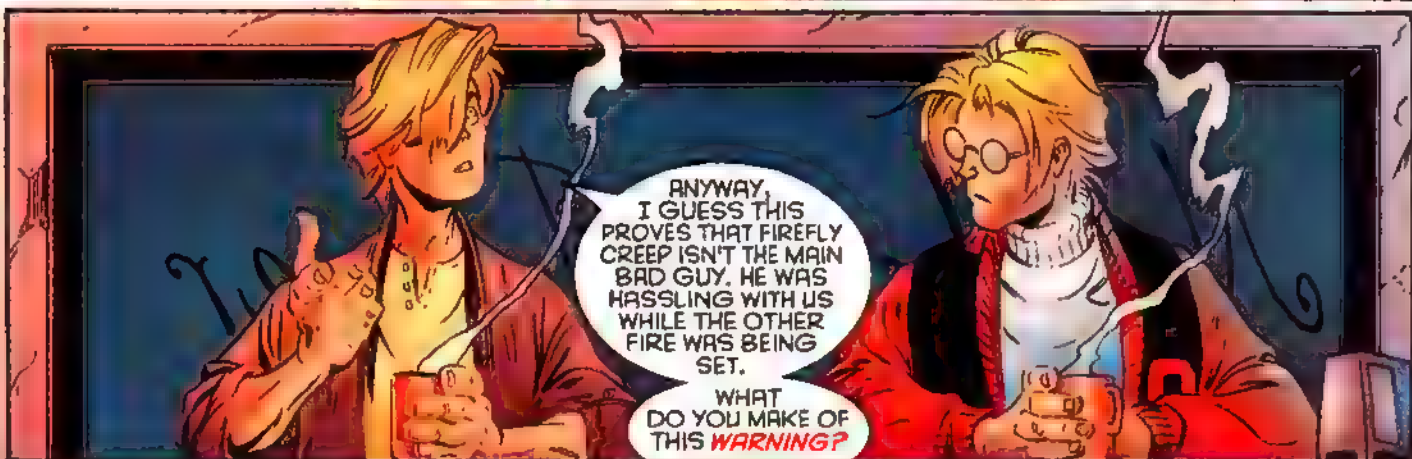
ALTHOUGH DOZENS OF OFFICERS WERE DEPLOYED AROUND THE STRUCTURE --



-- THE FIRE DID BEGIN EXACTLY AT ELEVEN-FIFTEEN, AS THE MESSAGE PREDICTED. CITY OFFICIALS ARE AT A LOSS --

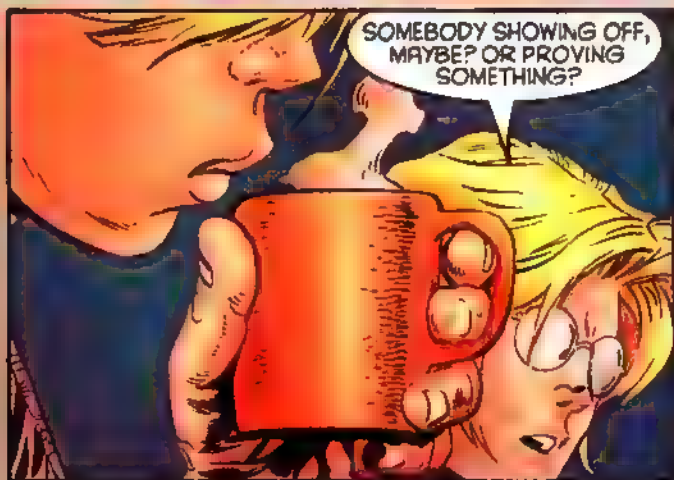
SO WHAT'S NEW?

BEG YOUR PARDON?

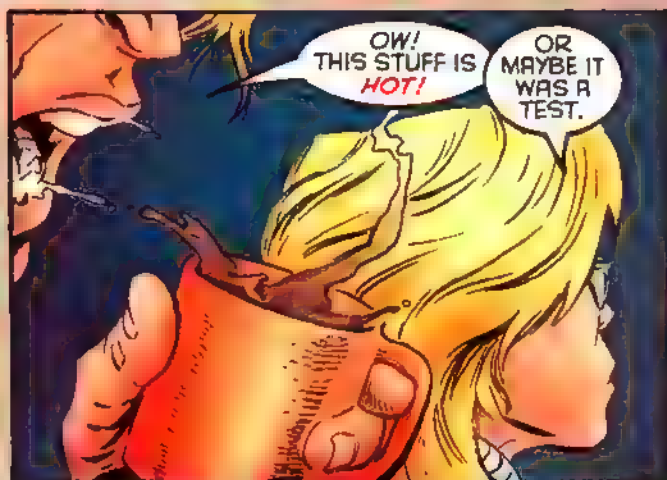


ANYWAY, I GUESS THIS PROVES THAT FIREFLY CREEP ISN'T THE MAIN BAD GUY. HE WAS HASSLING WITH US WHILE THE OTHER FIRE WAS BEING SET.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS **WARNING**?

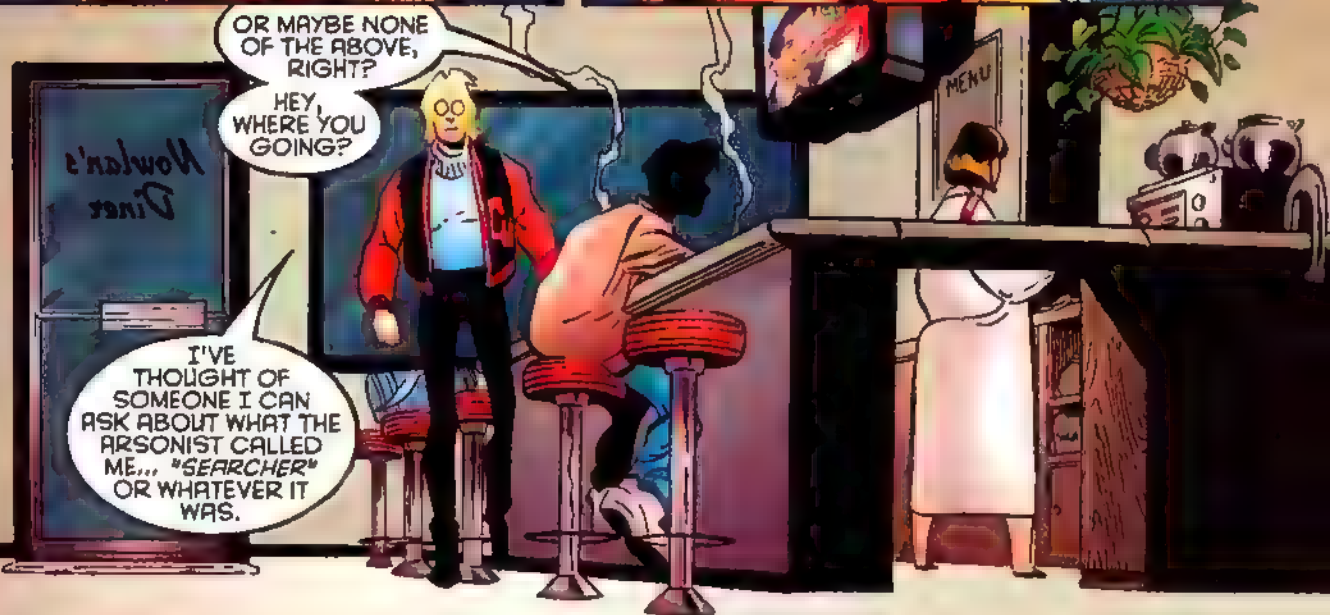


SOMEBODY SHOWING OFF, MAYBE? OR PROVING SOMETHING?



OW! THIS STUFF IS **HOT**!

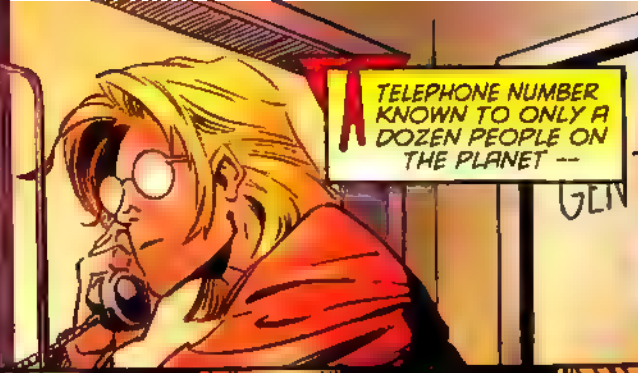
OR MAYBE IT WAS A TEST.



OR MAYBE NONE OF THE ABOVE, RIGHT?

HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?

I'VE THOUGHT OF SOMEONE I CAN ASK ABOUT WHAT THE ARSONIST CALLED ME... "SEARCHER" OR WHATEVER IT WAS.



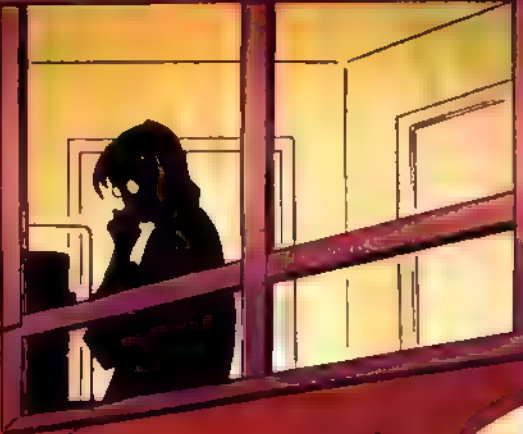
TELEPHONE NUMBER
KNOWN TO ONLY A
DOZEN PEOPLE ON
THE PLANET --

-- THAT CONNECTS THE CALLER
TO A WOMAN WHO DOES NOT
OFFICIALLY EXIST --

ORACLE.

THE
ANGEL
HERE.

WHAT'S
THE PROBLEM,
SPORT?



I NEED TO
KNOW ABOUT A
"SEARCHER" OR
"SIR TORE"...

GIVE
ME A CONTEXT.
HAVE ANYTHING
TO DO WITH JOHN
FORD MOVIES? OR
MYTHOLOGY? OR
FIRE?

FIRE
SOUNDS
RIGHT.



FOR THIS, I DON'T NEED TO
CRACK OPEN A BOOK. YOU
PROBABLY MEAN SURTUR --
SOMETIMES SPELLED
S-U-R-T-R. IN TEUTONIC
MYTHS --



-- HE
USES A FIERY
SWORD TO END
THE WORLD.
REAL ANTI-
SOCIAL.

THAT'S
IT!



THAT'S
WHAT?

I'M NOT SURE.
ORACLE, CAN YOU
TURN UP ANYTHING
ELSE ABOUT THIS
SURTUR?

YOU'RE
CALLING FROM
A RESTAURANT
IN NEW
YORK.

HOW'D YOU KNOW --?

HEY, I'M THE ORACLE, REMEMBER? OH, AND BY THE WAY -- DON'T ORDER THE FRENCH FRIES. THEY'RE SOGGY.

GET BACK TO ME IN AN HOUR, OKAY?

HEY, CHECK THIS OUT!

-- JUST RECEIVED ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM THE UNKNOWN ARSONIST.

HE SAYS, AND WE QUOTE: UNLESS THE CITY AGREES TO PAY HIM TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS HE WILL BURN A MAJOR STRUCTURE SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY AT PRECISELY MIDNIGHT TOMORROW AND POSEIDON WILL HAVE MANY GUESTS --"

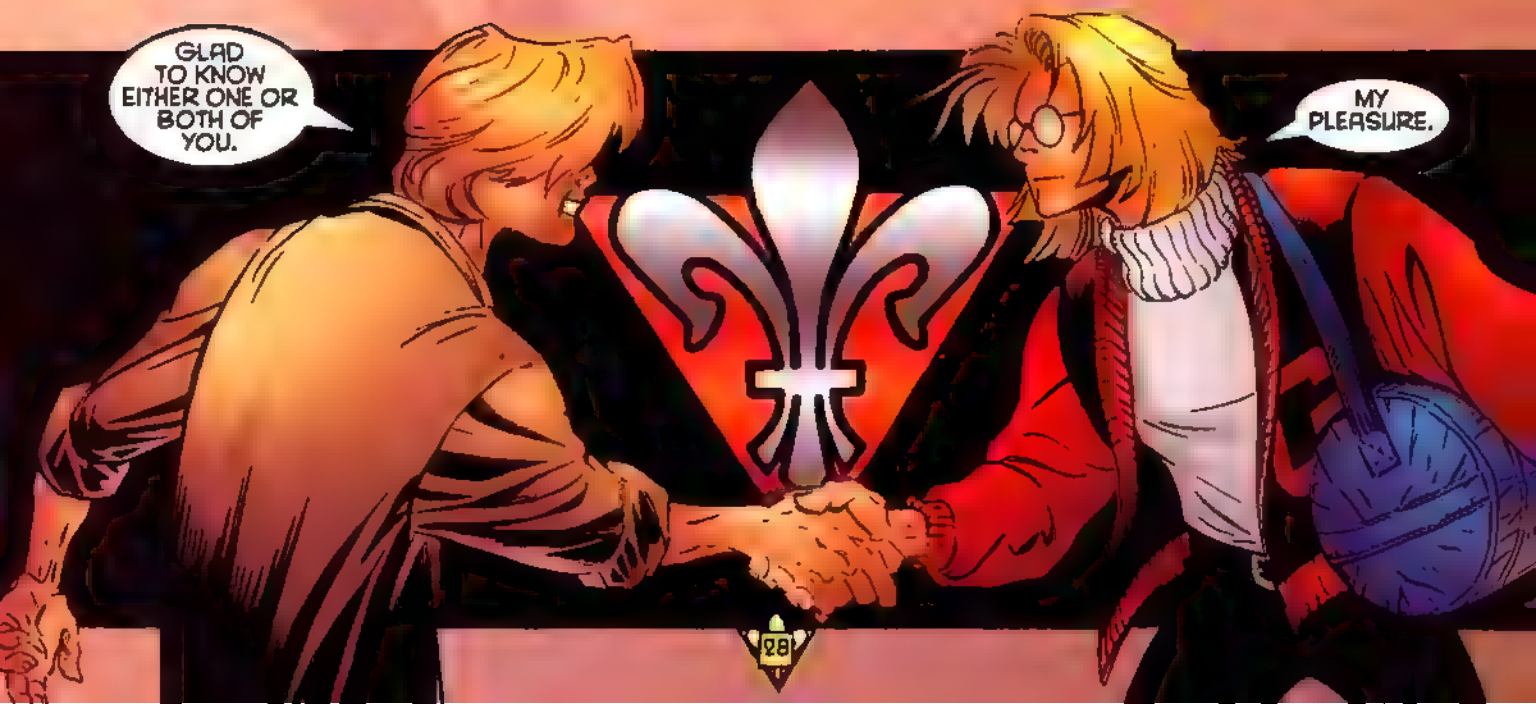
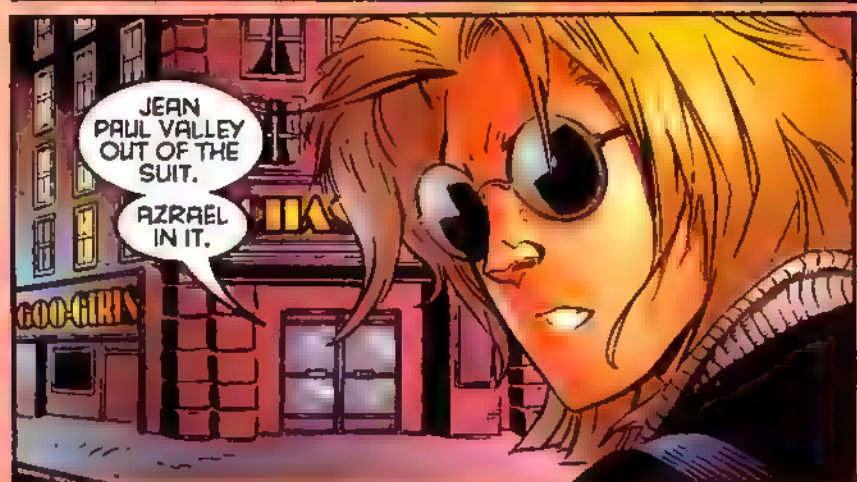
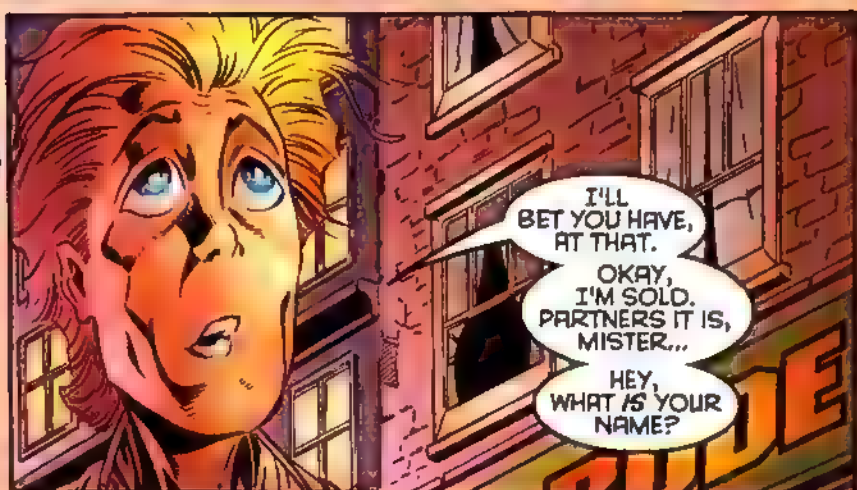
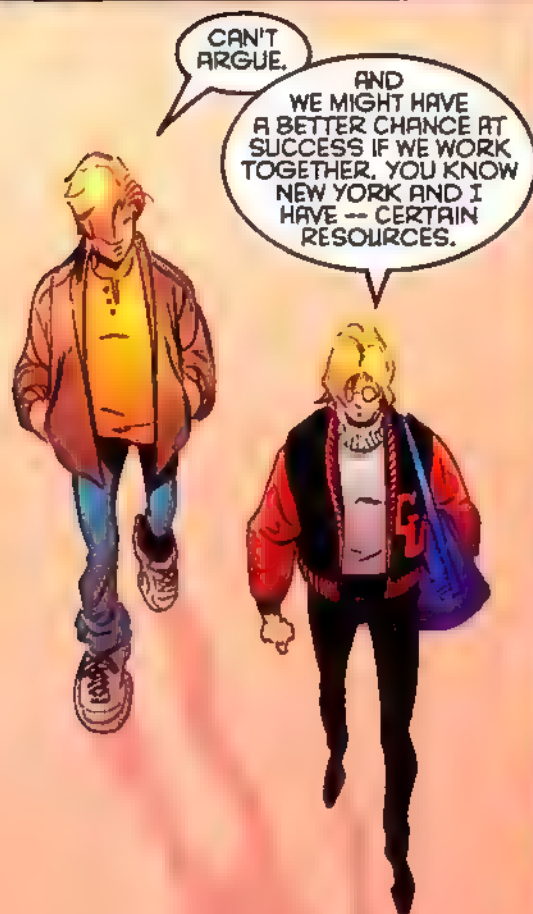
\$25 MILLION

TWENTY-FIVE MIL... WHEW. THIS GUY ISN'T INTO MINIMUM WAGE, IS HE?

MIDNIGHT TOMORROW. WE HAVE JUST OVER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO CATCH HIM.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "WE," KEMO SABE? I DON'T REMEMBER FORMING ANY PARTNER-SHIPS.

YOU DIDN'T... WE DIDN'T. BUT IT MAKES SENSE, DOESN'T IT? WE BOTH WANT TO CAPTURE THE ARSONIST AND --





SO,
YOU HAVE
ANY BRIGHT
IDEAS ABOUT
WHERE TO
BEGIN?

I
WISH!

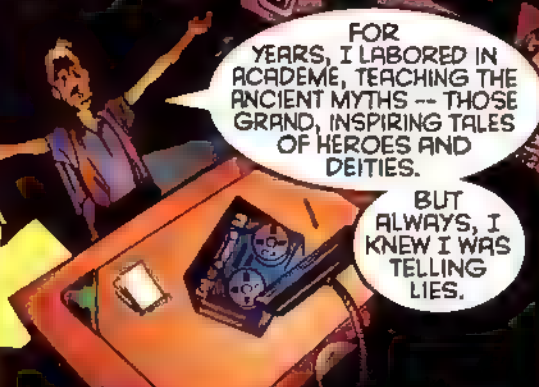
I WONDER IF THE
ARSONIST WAS
TELLING THE
TRUTH. I MEAN,
IS HE REALLY
INTO --



-- EXTORTION! LET THE
FOOLS *BELIEVE* THAT IS
MY MOTIVE. OH, THE
MONEY WILL BE USEFUL
BUT MY *REAL* PURPOSE
IS GRANDER --

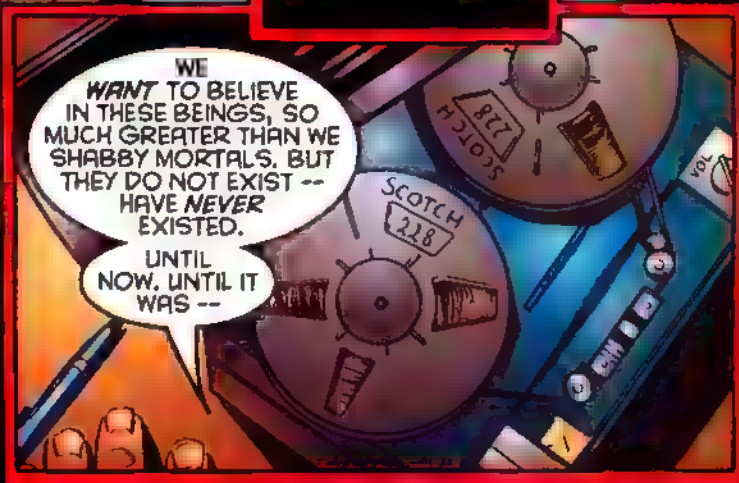


-- FAR, FAR
GRANDER.



FOR
YEARS, I LABORED IN
ACADEME, TEACHING THE
ANCIENT MYTHS -- THOSE
GRAND, INSPIRING TALES
OF HEROES AND
DEITIES.

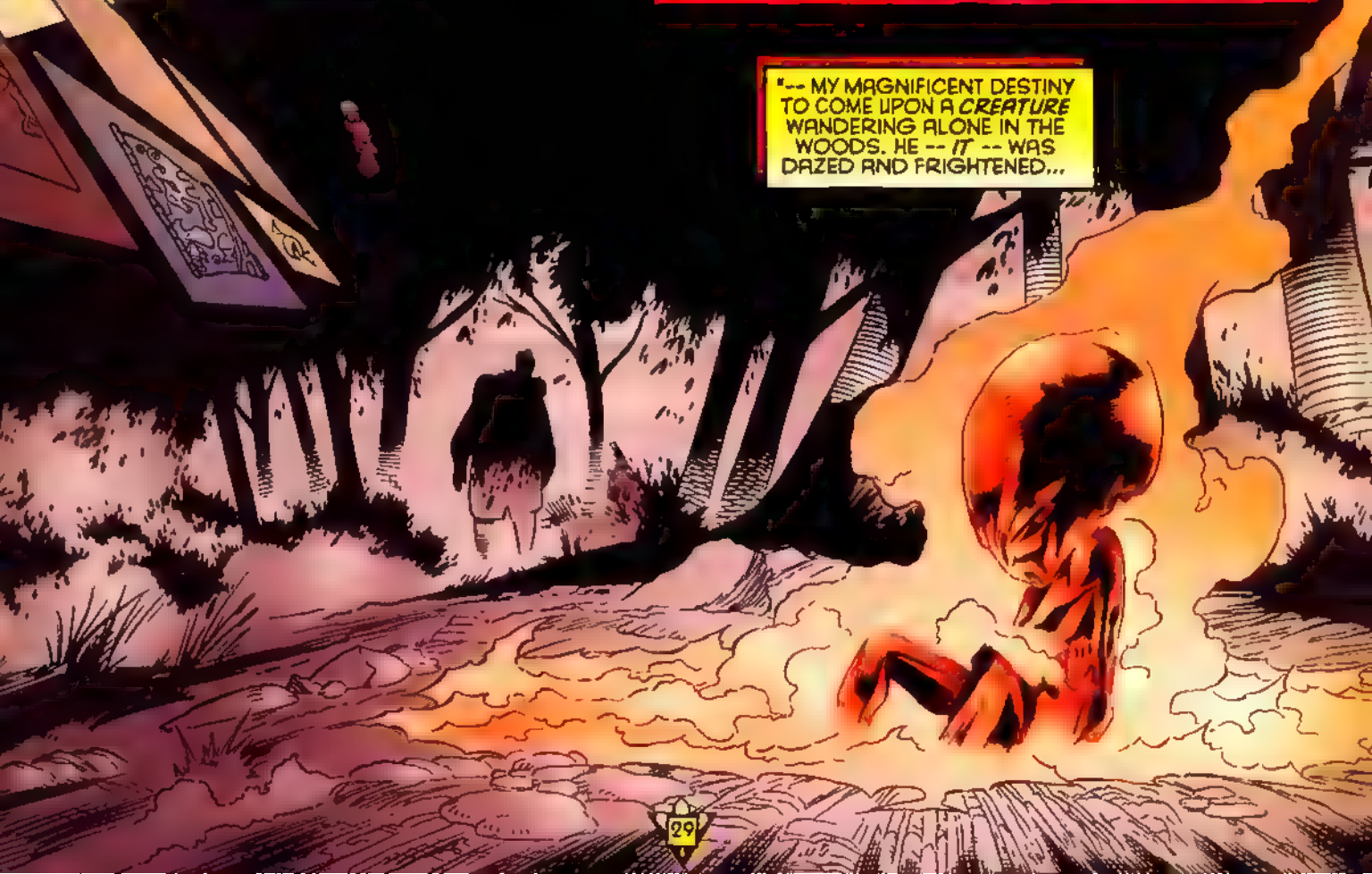
BUT
ALWAYS, I KNEW I WAS
TELLING
LIES.



WE
WANT TO BELIEVE
IN THESE BEINGS, SO
MUCH GREATER THAN WE
SHABBY MORTALS. BUT
THEY DO NOT EXIST --
HAVE *NEVER*
EXISTED.

UNTIL
NOW. UNTIL IT
WAS --

"-- MY MAGNIFICENT DESTINY
TO COME UPON A *CREATURE*
WANDERING ALONE IN THE
WOODS. HE -- *IT* -- WAS
DAZED AND FRIGHTENED...





"... SAID HIS PARENTS HAD ABANDONED HIM AND VANISHED INTO THE CLOUDS.

"I TOOK TO HIM IMMEDIATELY -- PERHAPS BECAUSE I, TOO, WAS ABANDONED IN EARLY CHILDHOOD.

"ALTHOUGH SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA AND DELUSIONS, HE WAS OBVIOUSLY GIFTED, OF EXTRAORDINARY INTELLIGENCE.

"I ADOPTED HIM AND BEGAN TO TUTOR HIM. HE WAS QUICK TO LEARN AND HAD A TRUE AFFINITY FOR MY SPECIALTY, MYTHOLOGY.

"THEN, ONE DAY, AS I WAS TELLING HIM OF THE NORSE MYTHS, OF HOW SURTR WOULD EVENTUALLY DESTROY THE WORLD WITH HIS FIERY SWORD --

"-- HE SOMEHOW MANIFESTED SURTR IN FRONT OF ME. I WAS INITIALLY EXCITED AND ASTONISHED, BUT THAT WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO MY REACTION WHEN --

"-- HIS SURTR ACTUALLY STARTED A FIRE!

I EXTINGUISHED THE BLAZE AND RAN TO SHARE MY NEWS WITH MY COLLEAGUES.

"BUT THEY LAUGHED AND SCOFFED, AS I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEY WOULD.

"TO THEM I WAS, AS I HAD ALWAYS BEEN, THE ECCENTRIC OUTSIDER, THE LUDICROUS ACADEMIC DREAMER WITH NO FUTURE.

"I HAD MY IDEA,
THEN, I CONVINCED
MY YOUNG WARD --

-- TO USE HIS POWER
FOR SWEET REVENGE.

"EVERY SINGLE BUILDING ON
THAT WRETCHED CAMPUS
BECAME CONFLAGRANT IN
ONE INSTANT OF DEEPEST
SATISFACTION.

"SURTR
TRIUMPHANT!

"BUT THE INSTRUMENT
OF THIS WONDROUS
DEED WAS FRIGHTENED
AT WHAT HE HAD DONE.

IT HAS BEEN
NECESSARY TO TELL
HIM A FABRICATION
CONCERNING A SIGNAL
TO HIS MISSING
PARENT --

PROFESSOR --

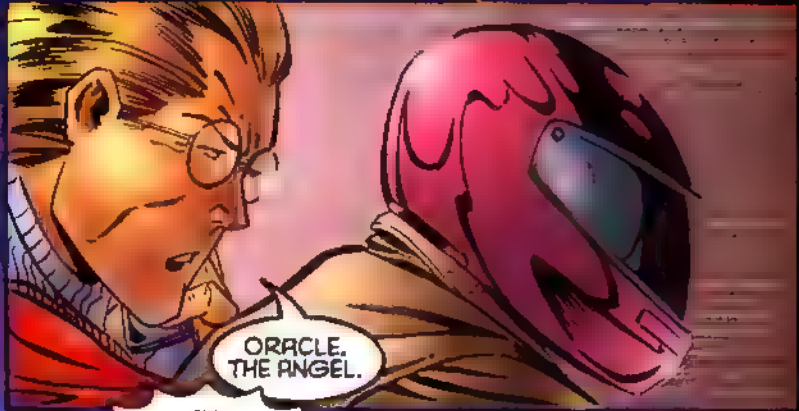


-- WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?

POSTERITY.
WHAT I'M DICTATING WILL
ONE DAY REPLACE THE BIBLE.



LOOK,
OUT THERE IN
THE HARBOR. DO
YOU SEE IT? THAT
WILL BE THE SITE
OF OUR NEXT
SIGNAL --



ORACLE.
THE ANGEL.

I'D
RECOGNIZE YOUR
DULCET TONES
ANYWHERE,
CHAMP.

ANYTHING
MORE ON
SURTR?

TONS.
BUT BEFORE I
BORE YOU WITH A
LOT OF ACADEMIC
JARGON, I TURNED UP
SOMETHING ELSE THAT
MIGHT INTEREST
YOU --

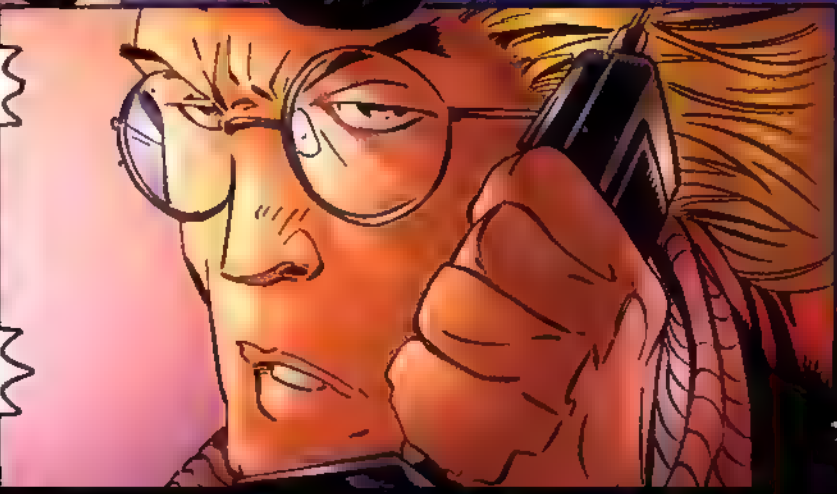


HAPPENED
LAST YEAR. A LONG
ISLAND COLLEGE -- THE
WHOLE PLACE, INCLUDING
OUTBUILDINGS AND
DORMS --



-- BURNED
TO THE GROUND
IN MINUTES, DESPITE
THE BEST EFFORTS
OF THE FIRE
GUYS.
WENT
DOWN SO
FAST THAT ONLY
A FEW PEOPLE
ESCAPED --

ONE
OF WHOM WAS A
PROFESSOR KISEDY
WHOSE SPECIALTY WAS --
YOU GUESSED IT --
THE NORSE MYTH
OF SURTR.



INTERESTING,
HUH?

COULD BE A
COINCIDENCE.

REMEMBER
WHAT THOREAU
SAID ABOUT THE
TROUT IN THE
MILK.

WHAT?

NEVER
MIND.

ANYWAY, HERE'S THE PROFESSOR'S
ADDRESS, IN CASE YOU WANT TO
VISIT: 555 RIVERPARK DRIVE
IN MANHATTAN.

THAT'S
COURTESY THE CITY'S
DIRECTORY.

NOT
EXACTLY.

WELL,
NOT AT ALL,
REALLY.

TOO
BAD. ORACLE
OUT.

HEY,
CHAMP, YOU GOT
A GIRLFRIEND
YET?

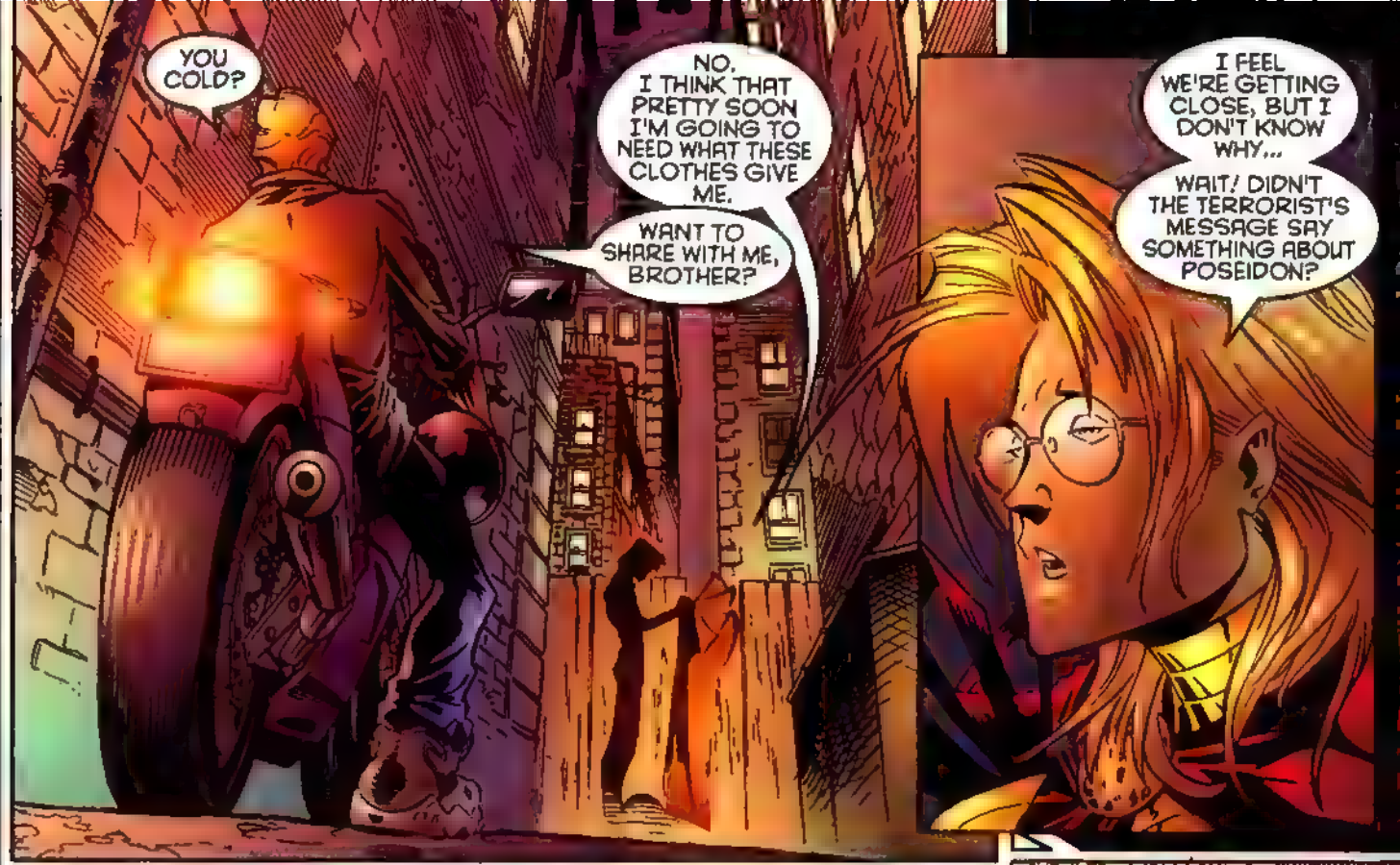
HE SOUNDS
SHY...

... AND
KIND OF
NICE...

RIVERPARK
DRIVE? SURE, I
KNOW IT. BUNCH OF
PRICY CONDOS NEAR
THE U.N. BUILDING
OVERLOOKING
THE RIVER.

THAT
WHERE WE'RE
HEADING?

YES,
BUT FIRST,
PULL INTO THAT
ALLEY.



YOU COLD?

NO. I THINK THAT PRETTY SOON I'M GOING TO NEED WHAT THESE CLOTHES GIVE ME.

WANT TO SHARE WITH ME, BROTHER?

I FEEL WE'RE GETTING CLOSE, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY...

WAIT! DIDN'T THE TERRORIST'S MESSAGE SAY SOMETHING ABOUT POSEIDON?



YEAH, SO?

WE HAVE A PROFESSOR WHOSE SPECIALTY IS MYTHOLOGY AND A MENTION OF A GREEK SEA GOD...

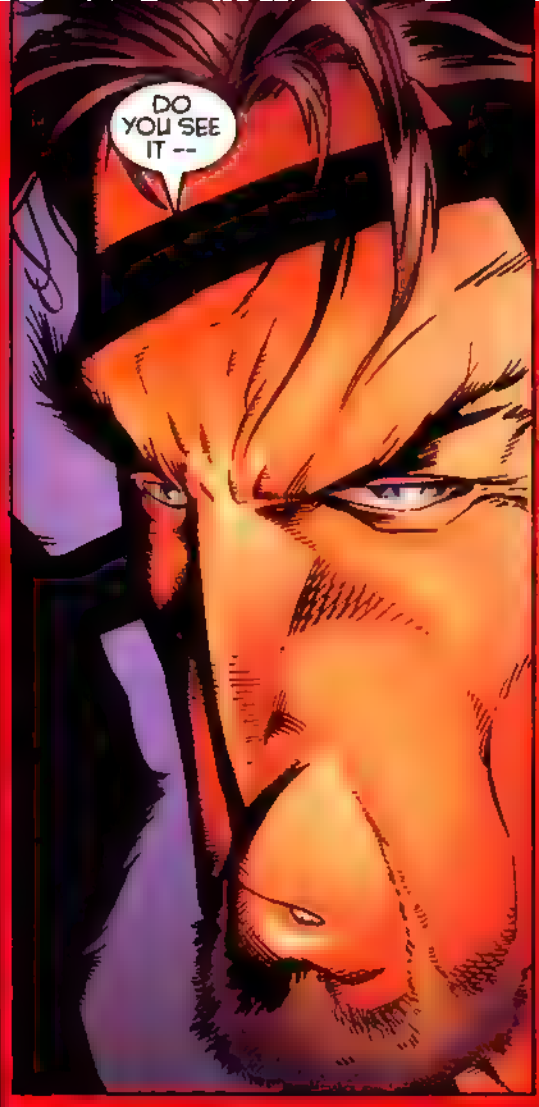


COULD BE A COINCIDENCE.

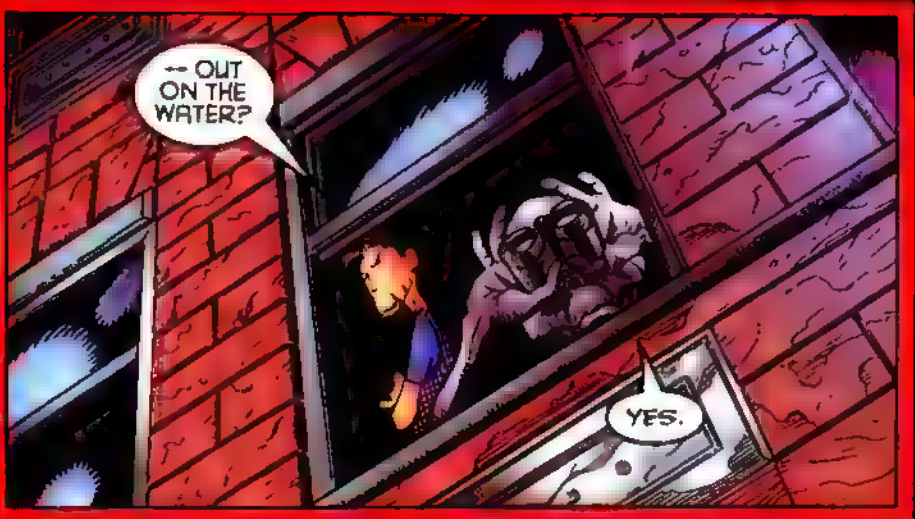
DON'T FORGET WHAT THOREAU SAID ABOUT THE TROUT IN THE MILK.



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



DO YOU SEE IT --



-- OUT ON THE WATER?

YES.



THAT IS WHERE YOU MUST MANIFEST SURTR -- WHERE YOU MUST NEXT SIGNAL YOUR PARENTS.

BUT THE PEOPLE --

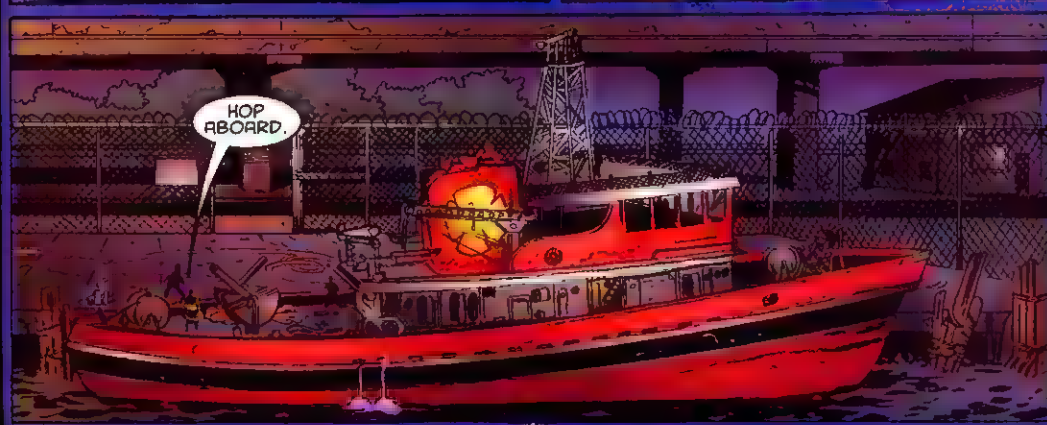
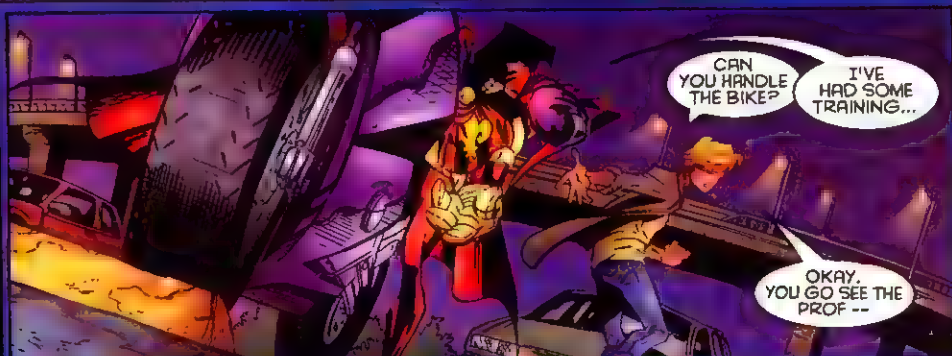
IF YOU WANT TO REMAIN AN ORPHAN -- IF YOU DON'T LOVE YOUR PARENTS -- THAT IS QUITE ALL RIGHT WITH ME.

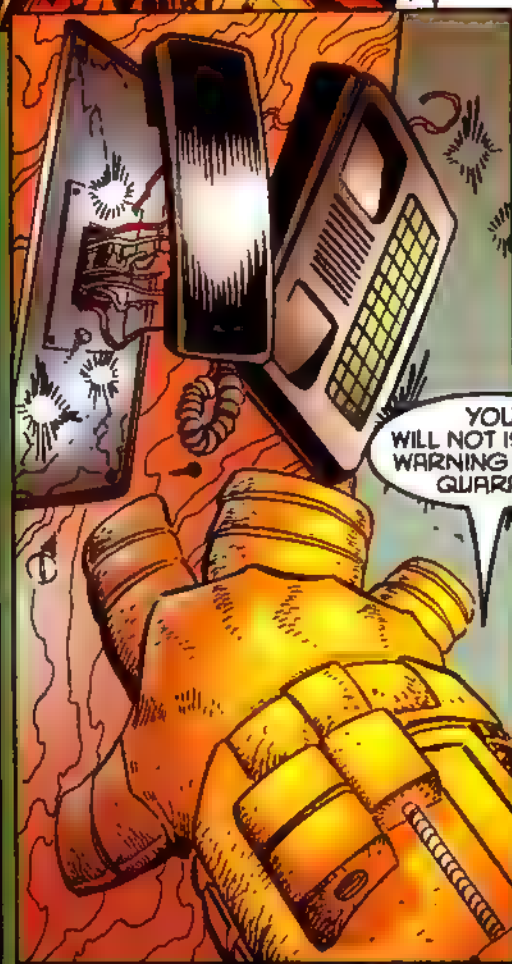
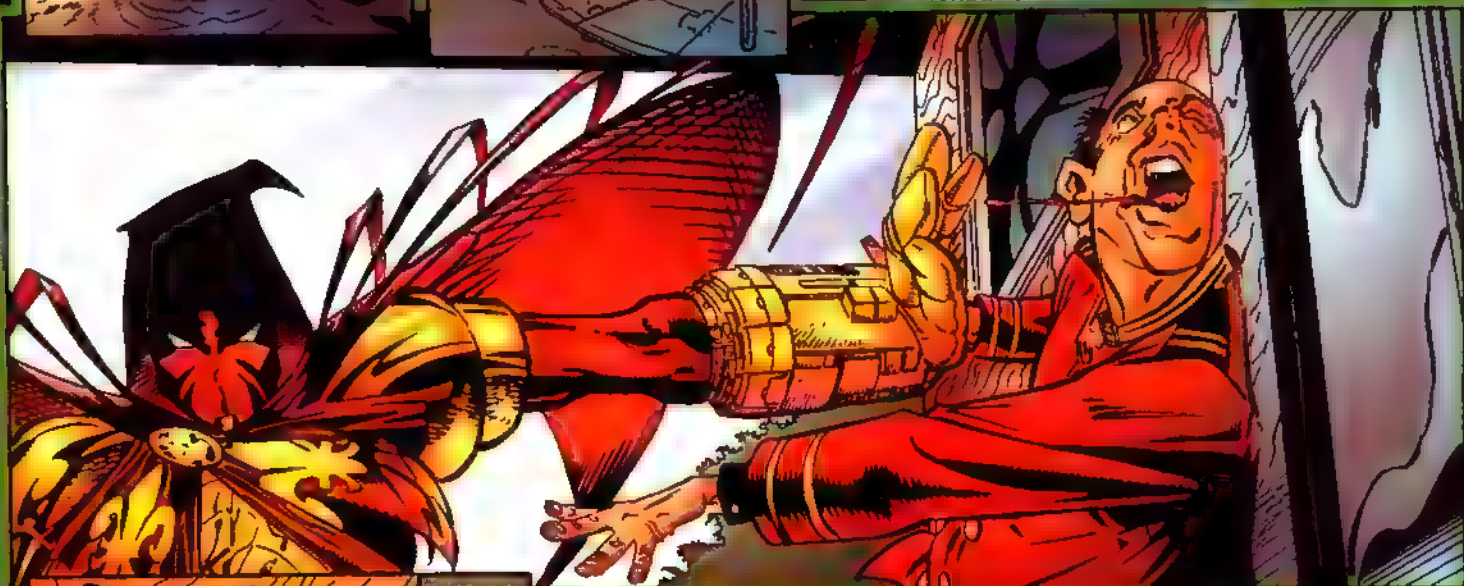
SHALL WE GO OUT FOR ICE CREAM?

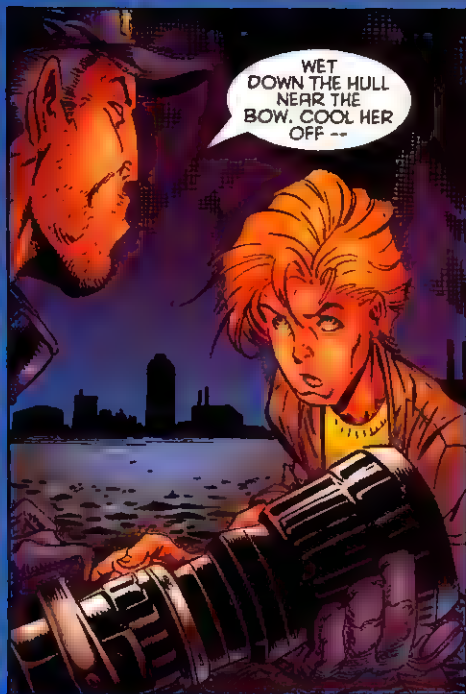
NO. I WILL DO IT.

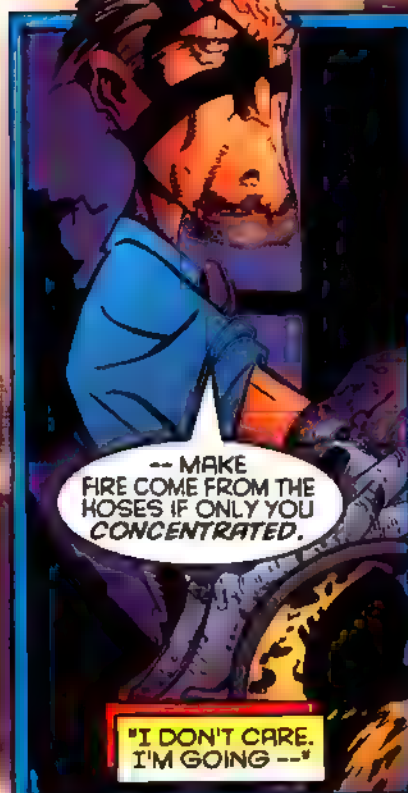


DID YOU SEE THAT?









-- MAKE FIRE COME FROM THE HOSES IF ONLY YOU CONCENTRATED.

"I DON'T CARE. I'M GOING --"



-- UP THERE.
THAT'LL GET YOU KILLED!



MAYBE.

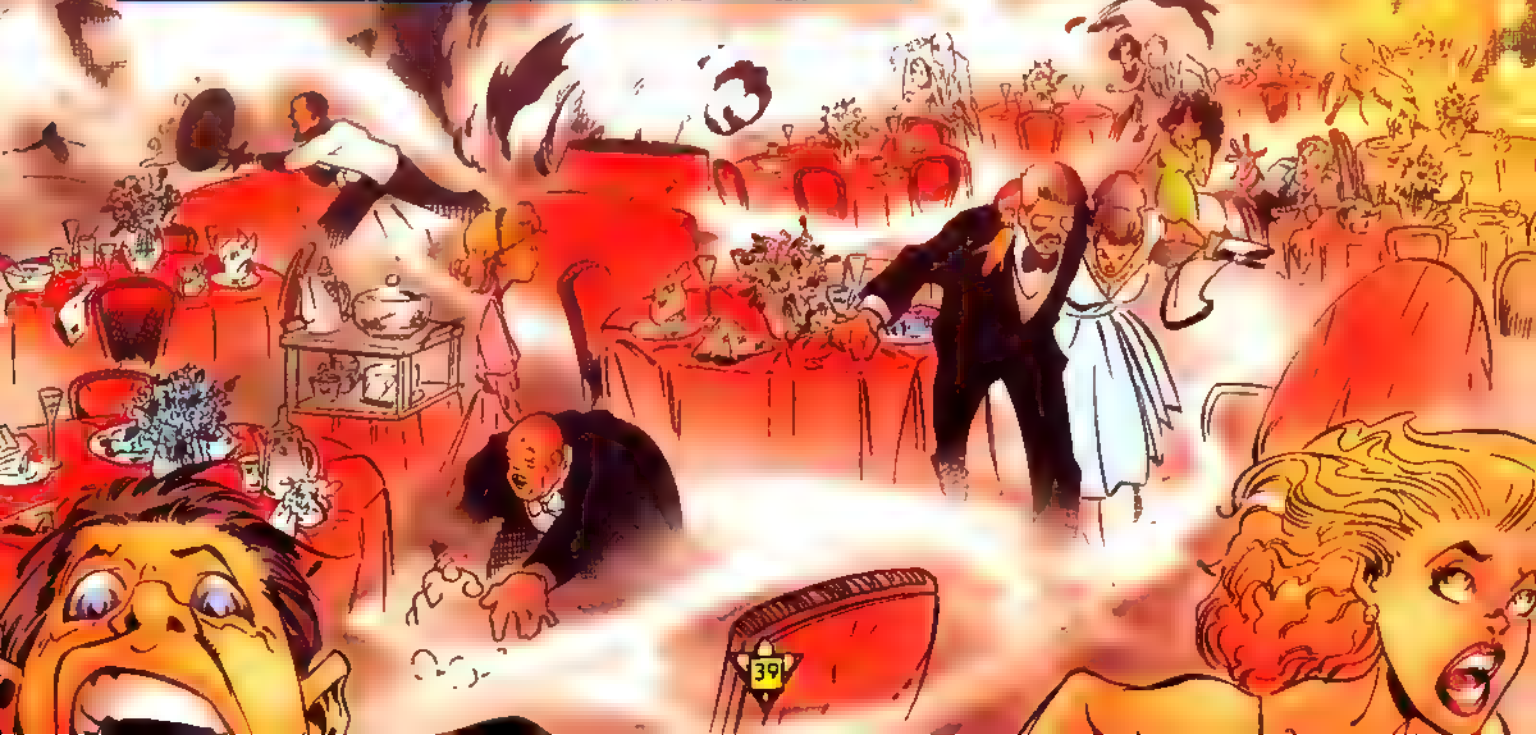


I'M WITH THE FIRE DEPARTMENT. WHAT'S THE SITUATION?

NOT GOOD. COUPLE HUNDRED PASSENGERS --



-- TRAPPED IN THE BALLROOM. FIRE STARTED SO FAST...

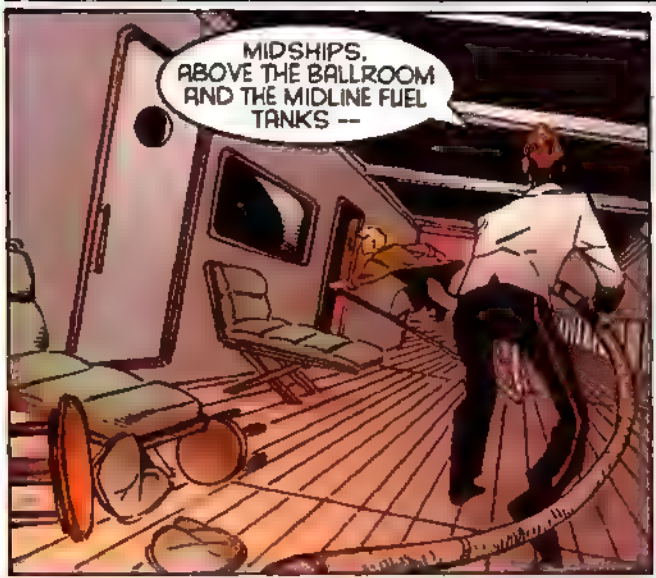




... WE DIDN'T
HAVE TIME TO
EVACUATE.

BUT
THAT'S NOT ALL.
THE ENGINE ROOM'S
AN INFERNO. FLAMES
REACH THE FUEL
TANKS AND --

WHERE'S
THE WORST
OF IT?

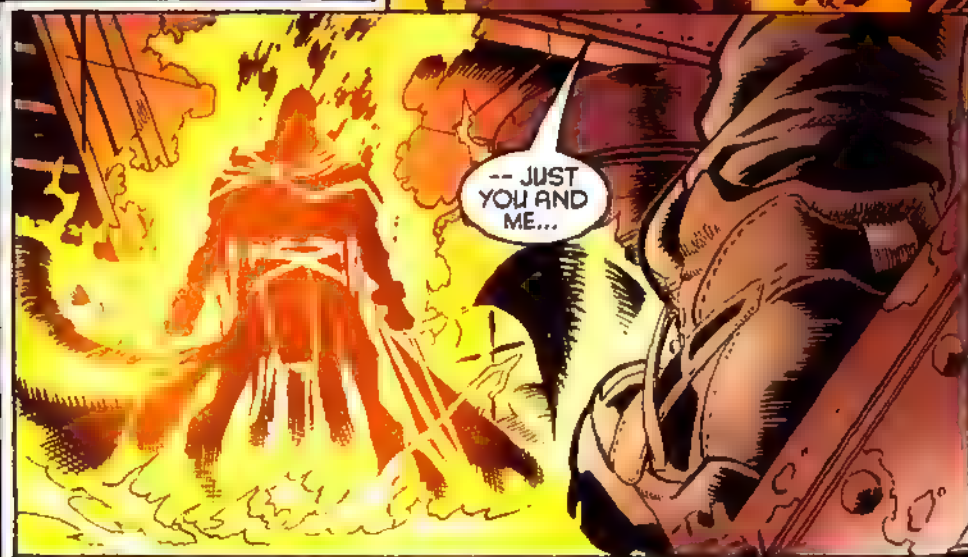


MIDSHIPS,
ABOVE THE BALLROOM
AND THE MIDLINE FUEL
TANKS --



HEY, WE MEET AT
LAST, SEARCHER OR
WHATEVER YOUR
NAME IS.

JUST
YOU AND ME
NOW --



-- JUST
YOU AND
ME...



SURTR...

IS
IT? IS IT
REALLY
HIM?



PUT OUT THE
FIRE.



PUT
IT --

-- OUT
NOW --

HE'S
HERE WITH US
NOW. LIVING...
BREATHING...
STANDING
AMONG US --
A GOD!

AND
I CREATED
HIM.

WHAT
DOES THAT MAKE
ME? WHAT KIND
OF POWER DO I
COMMAND?

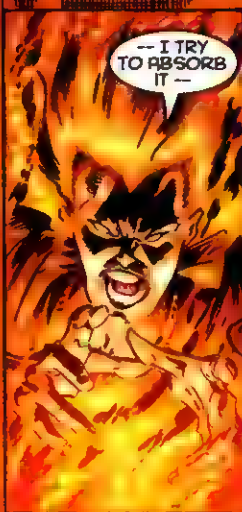
THE
WORLD WILL
BOW.
AND
CRINGE --

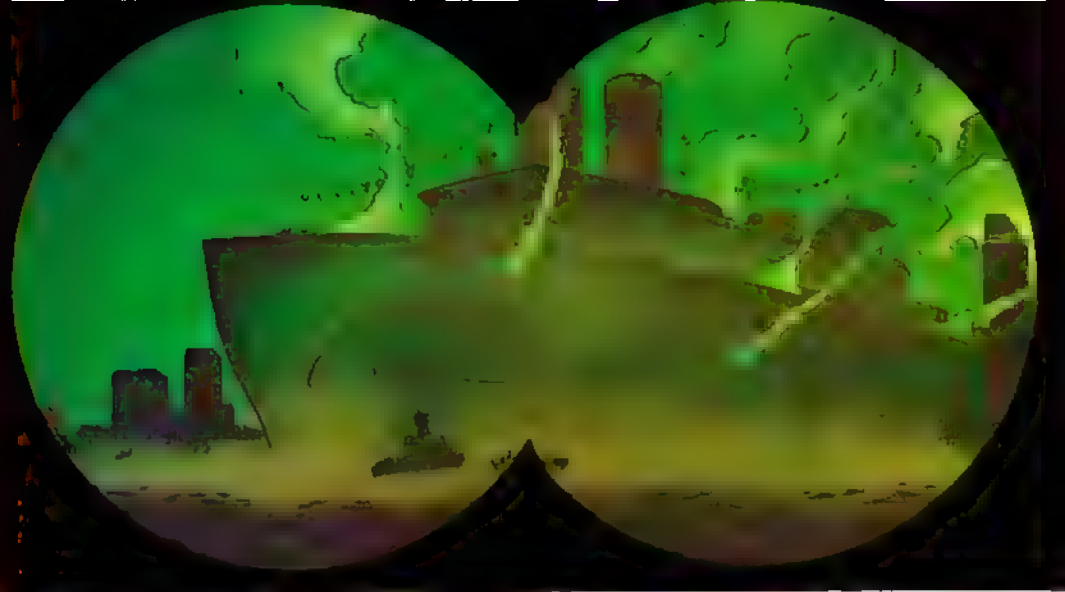
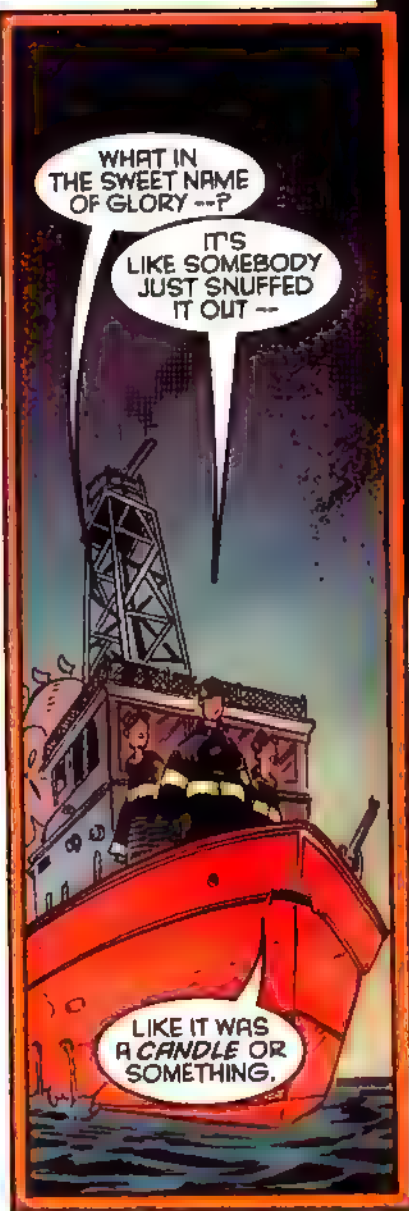
THE
WORLD WILL
SNEER.

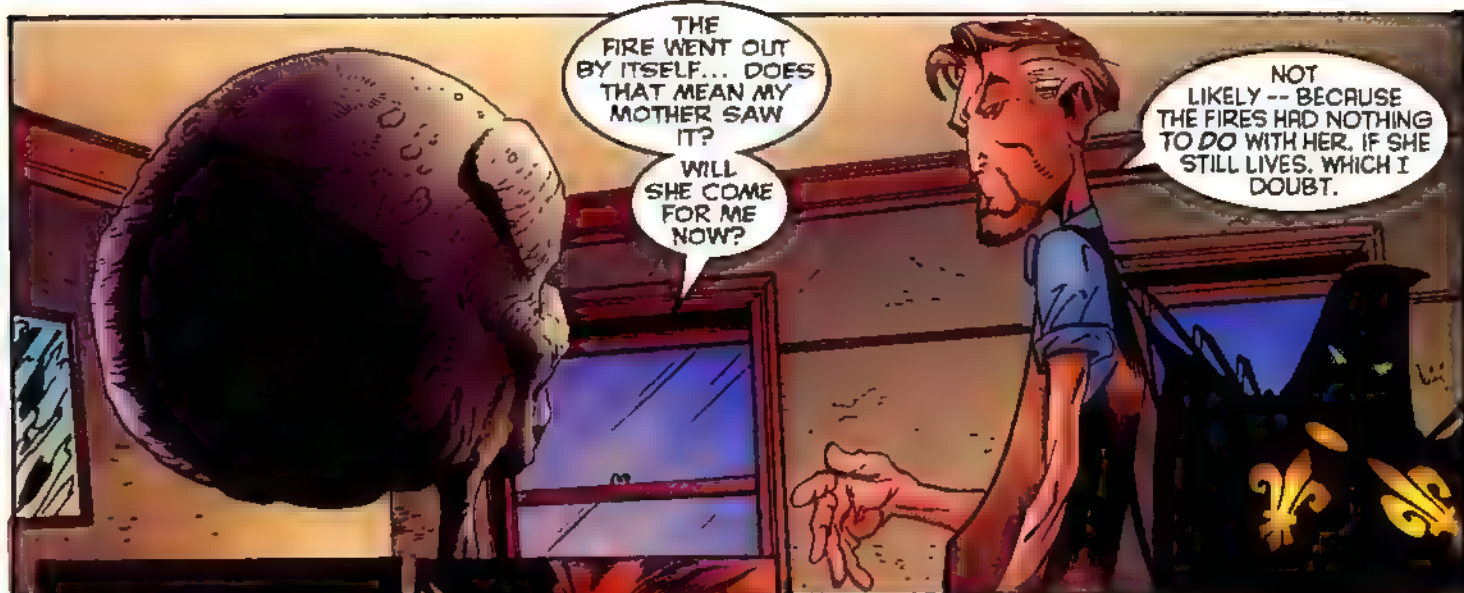
I
WON'T TELL YOU
AGAIN.

PUT
OUT THE --

FIRE!

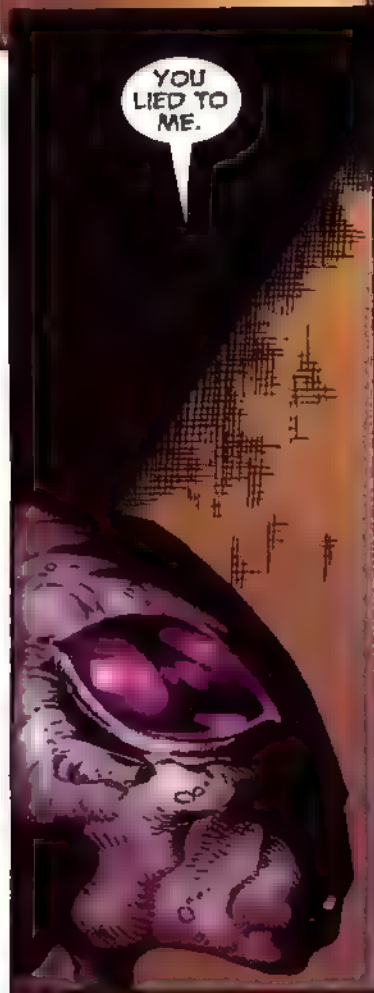






THE
FIRE WENT OUT
BY ITSELF... DOES
THAT MEAN MY
MOTHER SAW
IT?
WILL
SHE COME
FOR ME
NOW?

NOT
LIKELY -- BECAUSE
THE FIRES HAD NOTHING
TO DO WITH HER. IF SHE
STILL LIVES. WHICH I
DOUBT.



YOU
LIED TO
ME.



I
USED YOU,
YOU WERE A
SHABBY TOOL,
BUT ALL I
HAD --



-- TO
SUMMON THE
GODS I KNEW HAD
TO EXIST. BUT NOW...
I HAVE AZRAEL
AND --

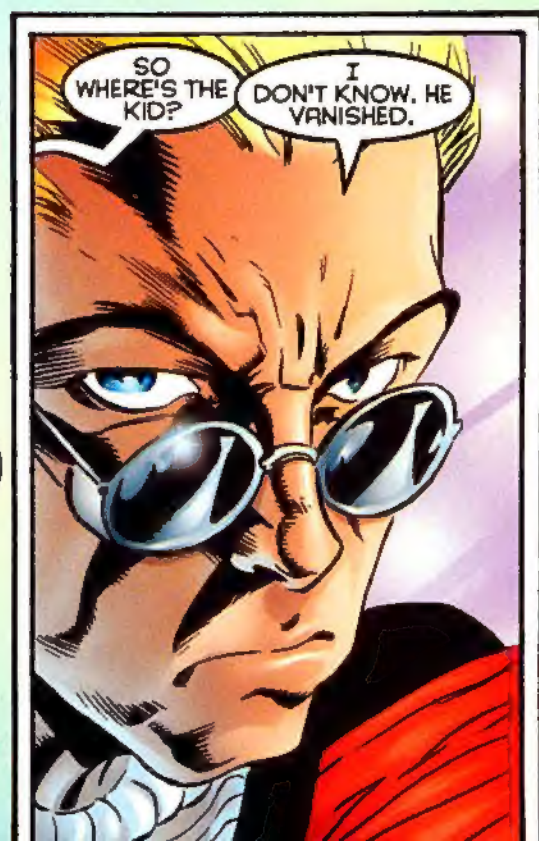
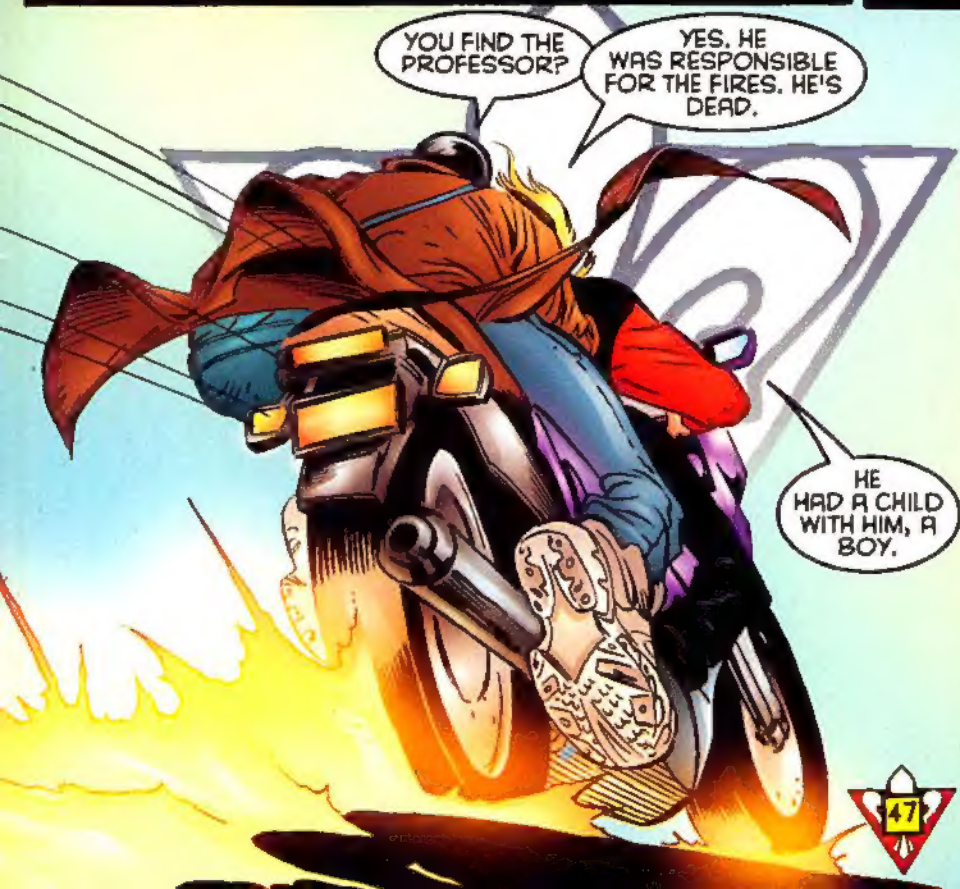


-- I DON'T
NEED --



-- YOUR PATHETIC
PYROMANIAC --

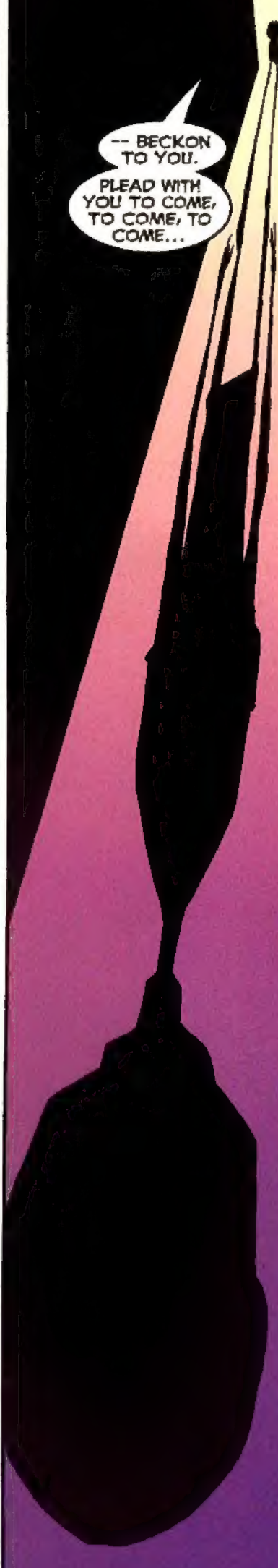




YOU FIND THE PROFESSOR?

YES. HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FIRES. HE'S DEAD.

HE HAD A CHILD WITH HIM, A BOY.



-- BECKON
TO YOU.
PLEAD WITH
YOU TO COME,
TO COME, TO
COME...



CAN
YOU HEAR ME,
MOTHER?
ARE YOU
THERE?

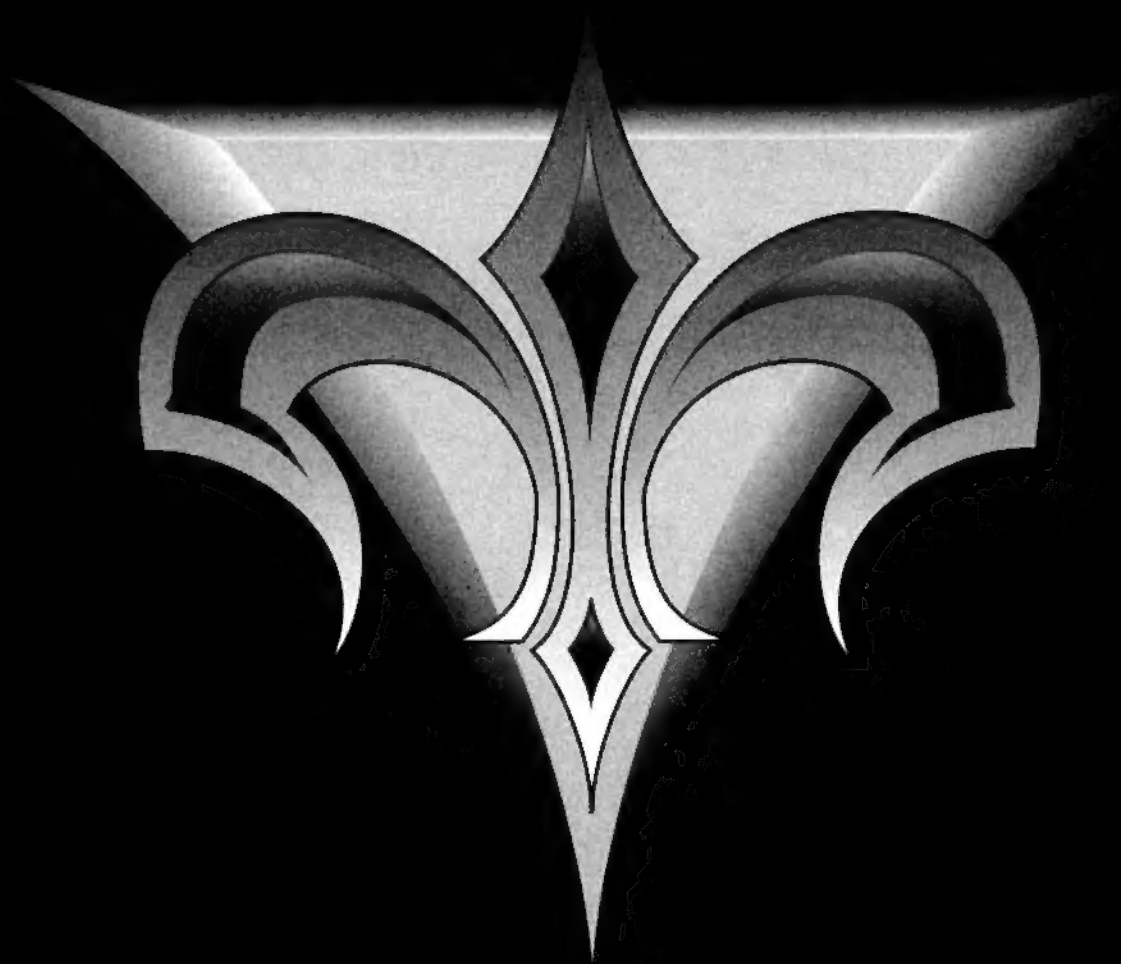


YES.
NO
SIGNALS WERE
EVER NEEDED. IT
WAS FOREORDAINED
THAT WE WOULD
RETURN FOR
YOU.
COME
HOME NOW.

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